

THE MUSIC REVIEW

November 1958

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THE MUSIC REVIEW

Edited by GEOFFREY SHARP

VOL. XIX, NO. 4

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CONTENTS

PAGE

Framed to the Life of the Words	Henry Raynor	261
Verdian Forgeries	Frank Walker	273
Schönberg's classical Background	Alan Walker	283
The Legacy of Ralph Vaughan Williams	A. E. F. Dickinson	290
"Unfortunately not by me"	Otto Erich Deutsch	305
The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn	H. C. Robbins Landon	311
The New in Review	Hans Keller	319
Concerts and Opera		323
Book Reviews		337
Review of Music		346
Gramophone Records		347
Correspondence		355

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Framed to the Life of the Words

BY

HENRY RAYNOR

THE process which Wagner called "the fertilization of music by poetry" is by no means so rare in its operation as we are inclined to think when we remember the phrase merely as one of the multitudinous *dicta* by means of which Wagner set out to justify his dramatic proceedings. We could, for example, make a good case for the claim that it was the principle underlying the emancipation of lyricism in the works of the nineteenth-century German romantic composers, beginning with Schubert. More especially, and less subtly, it was the principle underlying the renaissance development that we describe as the "Monodic Revolution"; much of the course of music for the last three hundred years—which is as good as to say most of the music that is our daily sustenance—arises from the determination of a group of Italian artists to place music and poetry again in "correct" perspective, the music determined by the declamatory values of the poem to which it was fitted.

The work of Peri, Caccini, and ultimately Monteverdi in this direction coincides so neatly in time with that of the English Lutenist song writers that the lute song might as well as Italian opera be taken as the example of the renaissance determination to simplify music by reorientating its relationship to its text. Peri's *Dafne* and Dowland's *First Book of Ayres*—the first collection of Lutenist songs to reach print—both appeared in 1597, but the impetus of the English school, unlike that of Italian opera, exhausted itself in twenty-five years; Attey's collection of songs published in 1622 was the last to preserve the original style.

Therefore, although I have suggested a community of aim between these two otherwise entirely different efforts, it would be stupid to attempt to press the comparison more closely. The Lutenists, who included in Byrd a supreme master of polyphony, recoiled from polyphonic style to achieve a more natural, significant and poetic treatment of verse; polyphonic style had, in a sense, outgrown its poetry to such an extent that a composition in which every phrase and every harmony owed its existence to poetry might well, and probably did, totally obliterate the actual words that generated it. So far, the English composers march in step with the Italian, but it may in some quarters be regarded as typical of the English character that what the Lutenists eventually, and after considerable experiment, achieved was an effective and masterly compromise between the "modern" art of poetic declamation intensified by music and a traditionally conservative polyphony. The particular development of instrumental music in England, in itself a rejuvenation of polyphonic style, as well as the slowness of progress in a land far removed from the centres of progressive art, was probably involved in the lyricists'

return to tradition. What the Lutenists succeeded in doing, however, throws considerable light less on the nature of either poetry or of music than of their fusion in song.

It may be necessary to make one thing clear: there is no one form, style or process which we can, to the exclusion of any others, call song. A song may be stanzaic; it may find fresh music for some or each of its stanzas; it may override stanzaic form in the poem for the sake of musical effect. It may, for musical purposes, distort the poet's rhythms, repeating words and phrases or adding nonsense lines to complete a musical pattern. It can demand an accompaniment utterly subservient to the vocal line and permitting nothing more than the sketching of essential harmonies, or it can promote its accompaniment to equal partnership with the voice. It can, and does, so many mutually contradictory things of which the reader is aware that to repeat any more of them would be an inanity: when we are considering Elizabethan and Jacobean song, we are considering an attempt by composers to meet the poet on equal terms and do justice to the poetic quality of his lines—their movement and verbal interplay of rhyme and assonance as well as their meaning—by melodies grown from their inherently semi-musical qualities as such qualities would appear when the words were read by a skilled and sensitive reader.

Thus it is that when a musician who cares for poetry is confronted with the works of the Lutenists, he becomes aware of a number of facts simply by turning over the pages of their works. They were capable of providing satisfactory musical patterns for a wider range of stanza forms than most later composers have attempted; they developed, especially in the later works of Dowland and the songs of Daniel, a melodic freedom that can assimilate and use passages of rhetorical or semi-dramatic declamation without breaking or distorting the flow of the melodic line; nothing happens in their Ayres that is worthy of note which is not immediately justified by the words (this means, of course, that there are songs in which nothing much happens; it also means that in a large number of their songs there is an amazing interplay of poetic and musical ideas). The musician sensitive to poetry will also notice that their melodies are purely and simply vocal. "The majority of what we regard as vocal melodies", complained Ernest Newman, "are really not vocal melodies at all but instrumental melodies to which the words have compulsorily been 'fitted', sometimes with charming results but more frequently with a mishandling of word-values, word-accent and word-rhythms that is enough to make anyone sensitive to true poetry, or even true prose, writhe in anguish".¹ Such a complaint does not arise when we are concerned with melody that is an extension into music of the rise and fall of speech intonations.

It is, of course, legitimate to suggest that the poems treated by Campion, Rosseter, Morley, Dowland and their contemporaries are rarely of the highest lyrical quality. Most frequently they seem to be a combination of simple or even conventional emotional statements with sophisticated poetic techniques:

¹ "An Approach to Orff": *Sunday Times*, 11th May, 1958.

sometimes, when divorced from their melodies, they are almost completely trivial except for their technical elaboration and finish. In other words, they are of the same nature as the verses of many of the poets who provided Schubert with material except for the superior athleticism of the English language and the almost fantastic extent to which poets of the Elizabethan-Jacobean period were concerned with technique.

"It was the luck of the German musicians", wrote Richard Capell, "that the finest of their writers should still have been primitives and could blandly and repeatedly utter with the merest of first intentions such words as *Sehnsucht* and *Frühling*, pluck them, so to speak, like berries from the bush and roll them on an unsated tongue".²

We could equally describe the poets whose works were ransacked for material by the Lutenists as "primitives" in this sense of finding the first words to express simple emotions; only together with the fascination of expressing the simplest emotions in a new language went the iron discipline of an often mistaken scholarship and the apparently unattainable perfection of an often misunderstood classical lyricism. It is very doubtful if anyone is ever going to grow very excited about words by Müller, Rückert or Hermann von Gilm set by Schubert, Wolf, Mahler and Strauss considered simply as poetry, but the words Dowland found for his *Lachrymae* pavane, further to exploit the popularity it had won as an instrumental piece, are poetically negligible; they were created simply to dwell upon the emotions aroused by the melody whose movement and intonations they follow.

It is not necessary, therefore, to claim that the special excellencies of the Lutenist songs transcend all other excellencies or overshadow the works of composers writing from a different viewpoint and concerned with different types of poems. The fact is that composers like Dowland progressed to settings that combine extreme metrical truth with a freedom of movement and an audacity in the treatment of words that few other composers have achieved. The special cultural conditions of the day helped towards this almost unparalleled fusion: a poet might well, like Campion and possibly at times Dowland, be author of the lyrics for which he composed settings. When an author wrote a lyric he expected to have it sung simply because the classic function of lyric poetry was to be sung. The immemorial alliance between poet and musician was only just beginning to break down, and its continuance had much to do with the standardization of subject matter in the small verse forms that were specifically intended for music: a lyric was a poem in which emotions tended always to be generalized not only because, as I have said, the poets were writing a new poetry in a more or less new language but also because in writing a lyric they were consciously entering a convention. Therefore they would experiment in the expression of conventional sentiments through elaborate stanzaic patterns and complex rhyme-schemes. Even Donne, who apparently never stopped to realize the explosive revolutionary force of his colloquially rhythmic, knotted lyrics, wrote conventionally of their being sung although

² *Schubert's Songs*: 2nd edition, Duckworth, 1957.

in his refusal to generalize and his avoidance of conventional vocabulary he was making the musician's work almost impossible.

The forms themselves, however complex they may grow, were therefore created with an eye to what would sing well; not only were such forms as the rondel, already ancient in Tudor days, a direct result of the expected collaboration between poets and composers, but lengthy stanzas of varying length of line and complexity of accentuation arose from the interaction of music and poetry, and at the same time the composer was as deeply involved in experimental considerations as the poet. Whilst the one was eager to justify his verbal rhythms and principles by the example of the Greek and Latin classics, the other believed that similar principles and precedents should underlie his proceedings if he were to make his music, as he desired, a perfect vehicle for the words: in the works of men like Campion, the ayre represented a recoil in the interests of poetry from the contrapuntal elaboration of the madrigal, which had evolved an entirely unclassical self-sufficiency of musical appeal largely through the sort of illustrative writing advocated by Morley for song as well as madrigal writing:

"If the subject be light, you must cause your music to go in motions which carry with them a celerity or quickness of time. . . . Moreover, you must have a care that when your matter signifieth ascending high heaven, and suchlike, you must make your music ascend; and by contrary where your ditty speaketh of descending lowness, hell and others such, you must make your music descend. . . . Lastly, you must not make a full close until the sense of the words be perfect".³

Morley, of course, was a contrapuntalist as well as a Lutenist, and in so far as his advice applies to the solo song, it advocates the traditional principles as they were applied in the madrigal. Campion, the foremost theorist of the ayre, did not follow literalism to anything like this extent:

"Such child-like observing of the words is altogether ridiculous, and we ought to maintain as well in notes as in words a manly carriage, gracing no word but that which is eminent and emphatical".⁴

Both composers demand that the composer fixes his attention on the words, convinced that the way to write a good song is through strict attention to its poem. When Campion, later in the same passage, compares over-elaboration of illustrative passages to ham-acting

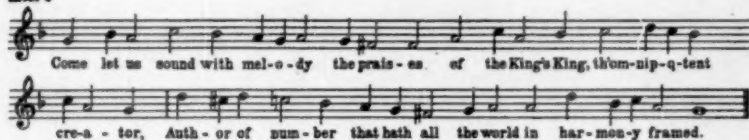
("Like the old, exploded action in the comedies, where if they would pronounce *Memini*, they would point to the hinder part of their head or if *Video*, put their finger in their eye")

he is not denying the principle that the words provide the motive power of a song; it is a matter of his artistic personality, not a change in principle, that is involved; the phrase "a manly carriage" is notably descriptive of his own writing both in verse and music. His strict attention to the poems he sets, and his typically renaissance concern with classical precedents, leads him into a variety of experiments. He composes poems in classical metres and at

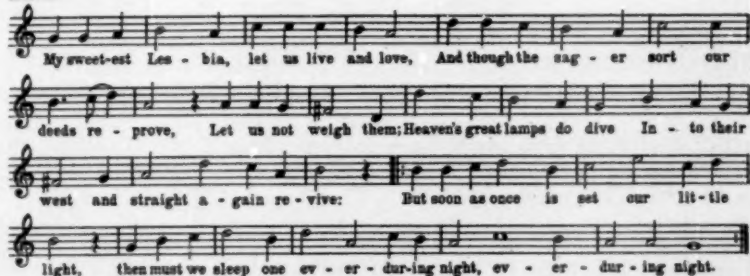
³ *A Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music.*

⁴ *Rosseter's Book of Ayres*; Preface.

times sets them as though English scansion were qualitative, so that in deference to the poems, notes of two time values only can be used, as in the following passage of musical saphics:

Ex. 1

Whether or not the following is an attempt to restrict a melodic line to the natural range and movement of spoken declamation he did not say, but just as the first example is written within the range of a minor sixth, only one note of the second is not bounded by a fifth, and its metre is almost as vigorously restricted to a classical conception of scansion. Conscientious regard for the proper delivery of verse could go no further, and it is perhaps significant that these songs have little or no appeal outside their melodic lines; their accompaniments are musical skeletons. The extreme experimentalism of the first is not, anyhow, a melodic success. "My sweetest Lesbia" is a vastly more attractive song, but its metre would be incomprehensible divorced from the words and it pays little or no attention to the possibility of heightening the expressive quality of the song through the elaboration of its accompaniment.

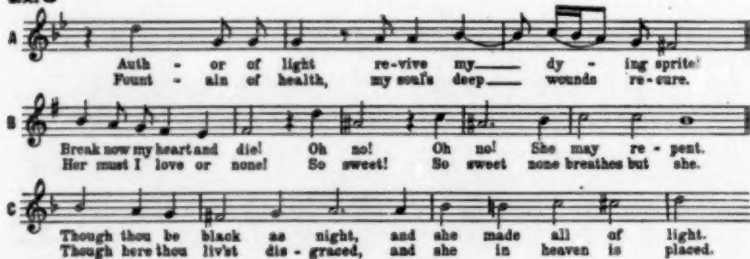
Ex. 2

In these songs, we have the unusual spectacle of music created simply as a vehicle for words, accepting a state of subordination with an almost unprecedented humility. There is no conception of a musical lyric form that is equivalent to and an extension of the verbal form of the poem; all that seems to matter is the equivalence of musical and verbal metre. Against a melody of the sort given to "My sweetest Lesbia", it is possible to imagine an accompaniment with sufficient musical vitality, built, so to speak, upon a freely

moving bass, through which the song might achieve its self-supporting musical structure without contradicting or weakening the poetic structure, but Campion does not aim at anything that might live independently of its text.

Oddly enough, it is in his strophic songs that Campion achieves the self-sufficient musicality that adds to as well as conveys a poem, and he does so with no loss of freedom or naturalness in the delivery of the words; as a matter of fact, the farther he gets from his strict neo-classical theory, the more natural his declamation becomes, for the strict two-note quantitative metre of "Come let us sound" forces the English language into a straight-jacket and robs it of its natural freedom of movement; ultimately, the rhythm becomes more attractive if we consider it away from English words and imagine Latin attached to it. We might say that even if Campion were to allow his performers the sort of licence an actor takes in the delivery of dramatic verse, the minute and irregular variations in time-values that bring English poetry to life, his quantitative scansion still runs contrary to the real nature of the language he is using. Most of the strophic songs have less underlying theory and a much more spontaneous lyrical appeal. He never avoids rhetoric, expostulation or exclamation in his strophic songs, and the perfect fitting of words imagined for one verbal complex to the complexes that follow it in other stanzas is usually more than remarkable, for often the later stanzas use an expostulatory or rhetorical musical phrase with quite a different bias from that which originally met the notes.

Ex. 3



A
Auth - or of light, re-vive my dy - ing sprite!
Fount - ain of health, my soul's deep wounds re-cure.

B
Break now my heart and die! Oh no! Oh no! She may re-pent.
Her must I love or none! So sweet! So sweet none breathes but she.

C
Though thou be black as night, and she made all of light.
Though here thou liv'st dis-graced, and she in heaven is placed.

It is easy enough to begin each stanza of "Author of life" with parallel apostrophes, and it matters not a bit which of them came first into the poet-composer's mind, but the appropriateness of the second to the two complexes it expresses is remarkable, and the reconciliation of "Oh no!" with "So sweet" through the music they are given is noteworthy; in the third, one would imagine that the chromatic ascent in the second bar is the result of considering the words "and she in heaven is placed"—it would be good contemporary style to find a rising phrase to the words—just as the chromatic descent of "Though here thou liv'st disgraced" suits the "black of night" although it seems to be a musical image arising from its place in the second stanza. Nevertheless,

although it seems that the musical structure of the lyric depends upon the second stanza, there is nothing in it that does not perfectly accord with the first.

Campion's songs at their best are remarkably fine; at their worst they are never less than interesting studies in the relationship between words and music. The modern reader is not infrequently disturbed to detect an ambivalence in his attitude to the lyrical poetry of the age before Donne exploded its conventions. On the one hand, he enjoys the fluency and vitality of style that manifest themselves in the technical virtuosity of the poets; on the other, he does not deeply enter into their conventionalization of experience, their habit of not attempting to establish the uniqueness of an experience but rather of seeking to frame it in general terms. His experience of poetry, in other words, does not exclude the lyricists with whom the Lutenist composers were concerned, but his attitude towards them is conditioned by the later poetry that accepted as final the divorce of lyrical poetry from music. His love of the surface polish and technical finesse of the sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century lyric is tempered by his disappointment at the poets' deliberate adoption of a mode of expression which to them was the essence of lyrical style, the quality that made a poem entirely suitable for musical delivery. The musician, for his part, also believes that something is lacking in many of Campion's songs; he is not altogether satisfied by a musical style that seeks to do no more than adequately deliver a text. Much as he admires the poetico-musical qualities of such a song as "My sweetest Lesbia", he cannot but look back at it from his later experience, regretting the loss of a greater formality and completeness of *musical* design. He would be happier if the songs were, for example, Purcellian—constructed upon a ground bass—or with some binding musical force in the accompaniment like a consistent polyphonic treatment which would willy-nilly shift the centre of gravity from the words to the music.

Nevertheless, the songs we have so far examined are experimental works by a composer-poet whose aim was to restore what he believed to be the correct relationship between words and music. These experiments, interesting as they are as indications of his artistic aim, are a small part of the wealth of fine songs in which he allowed his music to come to terms with the natural genius of the English language rather than to chase a classical will o' the wisp.

Campion's metrical theories do not much influence Morley's *Plain and Easy Introduction*, in which a madrigalist thinks of song in terms of small-scale madrigal writing, particularly in its concern with the illustrative treatment of words. There is a sense in which Morley's songs are much more "popular", to use a twentieth-century idiom, like those of Ford, Robert Jones and Rosseter, than are Campion's. That is to say, they are nearer to folk song, in a more primitively natural state of mind than that of the artist who begins with his conception of a theoretical problem and writes deliberately with a view towards its solution.

But illustration, the matching of emotive words and words suggesting movement with symbolic musical phrases, was not the only madrigalian quality that could be applied to the song: the finest of the ayres—at any rate

to a twentieth-century mind—are those in which a polyphonic accompaniment underlies the melodic line and enables the composer to achieve a single musical pattern for the sentence or stanzas with which he is dealing and to shape it exactly to the movement of the poem. This is the English compromise between the neo-classical principles of the age and the polyphonic past, and though we do not know to what extent Campion's conscience allowed him to approve of the great masterpieces of Dowland and Daniel—in the preface to his *First Book of Ayres* he wrote "What epigrams are in poetry, the same are Ayres in music, then in their chief perfection when they are short and well-seasoned"—he himself made use of the polyphonic richness of accompaniment that was more than anything else a transference of madrigal style to the song. The interchangeability of musical forms, the fact that one could use a madrigal as consort music, or replace a lute with viols if one felt so inclined, really means that all forms were deeply indebted to the vitality of the madrigal. Much of Campion's earliest work appeared in Rosseter's *Book of Ayres* and included the following, in which the accompaniment has its own interest and achieves the sort of complete musicality which we find more acceptable than entire dependence upon the words:

Ex. 4

When thou must home to shades of un - der ground, and there ar -
The beau-teous spir - its do in - girt thee round, white I - o -

-rivid a new ad - mir - ed guest To hear the stor - ies of
-pe, blithefel - en and the rest

thy fin-isht love from that smooth tongue whose mu-sic hell can move

Campion's smoothness of poetic rhythm, his classical nostalgia for quantitative scansion, make it unnecessary for him to attempt any extreme rhythmic

subtleties in the declamation of his still all-important words, but if we think of a solo voice floated purposefully on a self-sufficient polyphonic accompaniment, we begin to see not merely the possibility of an expansion of Campion's neo-classical principles to English scansion and declamation as they naturally are, but also a type of song that we can only call "dramatic" in its aim at the expression of a unique situation rather than simple lyrical shapeliness. The qualities of personal expressiveness, depth and particularization of experience at which Campion did not aim, and which few poets of the day attempted to achieve, eventually reached Lutenist songs in the settings of Dowland and Daniel. Pursuing the idea of a dramatic rather than purely lyrical treatment of words, we begin to think of the special qualities of English verse rhythms—the varieties of pace, pause, rhythmic expression and intonation that we find in, for example, a really effective performance of Shakespeare's blank verse: it was this sort of treatment that Dowland, more than any of his contemporaries, brought to the ayre.

We can say, of course, that these things were possible to Dowland because of his greater range of emotion and introspection; his songs range from the gay to the tragically melancholy. Whilst Campion might, as in "My sweetest Lesbia", repeat a couplet for the sake of rounding off a stanza, he frowned upon the repetition of single emotive words, however "eminent and emphatical" they are, as distortions of poetic form and rhythm, an imposition by music upon the art it served, and he had worked out a beautifully effective style on the basis of such limitations. Dowland, however, employs repetitions, and varies the rhythm with them, with real expressive power, as in "Sorrow, stay":

Ex. 5

Ser - row, Ser-row stay lend true re-pen-ant tears to a woe - ful,
 woe - ful wretch-ed wight. Hence, hence des-pair with thy tor-ment-ing fears;
 Do not Oh do, not my heart, poor heart af-fright. Pi - ty, Pi-ty!
 Pi - ty, Pi-ty! Help now or nev - er! Mark me not to end - less pain!
 Mark me not to end - less pain! etc.

At the same time, we cannot but notice how the polyphonic accompaniment of such a song as "I saw my lady weep" grows from the ideas of the poem, so that expressive illustrative ideas, chromatic writing and the freely moving,

madrigalian polyphony, with its admission of dissonant clashes between the parts, are all based upon the expression of the poem:

Ex. 6

I saw my lad - y

weep, And sor - row proud to be ad - van - ced so

In those fair eyes in those fair eyes where all per - fec - tions keep.

Her face was full of wee full of wee etc.

We have, so to speak, moved from Campion's lyrical world, where emotions are formulated, to a dramatic world where they are expressed.

The theory still, of course, is the idea of complete truth to the poet's expression, but in these songs it is a truth attained by means that are absolutely musical. We know that the variety of stress and movement that Dowland gives us is true to the natural flow of English words: how often can we say that any one of the stresses in a line by Shakespeare is equivalent in weight and *tempo* to any of the others? Dowland's truth to poetry is of a different order to Campion's. The declamation is that of the dramatist or his mouth-piece, the actor, rather than that of the classical lyricist. That Dowland was not an isolated marvel can be seen from the short collection by the

mysterious John Daniel, whose *Songs for the Lute, Viol and Voyce*, published in 1606, contain the following, from "Time, cruel Time"; the technique, in its strict attention to the words, is entirely madrigalian; if it lacks the dramatic impact of Dowland's greatest songs, it combines its traditional English polyphony and its understanding of the irregular subtleties of English scansion with a flowing, beautiful lyrical appeal.

Ex. 7

Then do so still al-though she makes no 'steem of days nor
 years but lets them run in vain' hold still thy swift wing'd
 hours that won - - d'ring seem to gaze on her e -
 - ven to turn back ag - ain. etc.

If we think, as in the twentieth century we are inclined to do, of Dowland's work as superior to that of his contemporaries, our judgment is based on the greater intensity of emotion that it provides. We have in songs like "In darkness let me dwell" a use of the traditional polyphony that allows the lyrical statement of melody to develop with a rare freedom, each phrase calling out its consequent, its symmetry attained not by the balance of equal

phrases but by the movement of the accompaniment over which the voice moves through a verse paragraph to music that develops as the thought of the poem develops. The choice of such a poem, free from stanza form, apparently complete in itself rather than demanding music in the traditional manner of the lyric, suggests a wider range of activity for the song composer than most of Dowland's successors have cared to accept.

The ayre had a short but glorious life dedicated to the proposition that words and music are essentially partners, the words stimulating the music to an intenser life than the abstract forms of its period could achieve; the formal magnificence, only a short time after the ayre had died, of Purcell's songs, is an entirely different magnificence, equally audacious, equally just in its treatment of words but based on the principle that the proper material for the composer is a lesser and specially designed verse. The fact remains that the lutenist ayres represent an attitude to the treatment of words that suggests a wider range of song forms and materials than most later composers have been prepared to accept; they represent, at their best, the song in a state that has rarely been equalled for subtlety of conception and a combined unity and freedom in the treatment of words.

Verdian Forgeries

BY

FRANK WALKER

I

LETTERS OF GIUSEPPINA VERDI TO HER CONFESSOR

THE most hotly debated problems of Verdian biography concern his religious beliefs, his quarrel with the conductor Angelo Mariani, and the nature of his relations with the Bohemian singer Teresa Stolz, who broke off her engagement to Mariani after a visit to Sant'Agata. What seemed to be vital contributions towards the solution of these problems were made by the late Lorenzo Alpino, in two articles published in the *Corriere della Sera* for 13th October, 1939, and 21st July, 1942.¹ For one could hardly hope for anything more authoritative than a statement by Giuseppina Verdi to her confessor about her husband's relations with Teresa Stolz, or her explanation to the Archbishop of Genoa of his attitude in religious matters. Accordingly, in the Verdi article in *Grove's Dictionary* (fifth edition) I quoted the relevant passages from letters published in Alpino's articles, as documentary evidence of inestimable value among so much vain conjecture and special pleading. Here, it seemed, were the facts at last.

Unfortunately, further research has shown that these letters are forgeries.

Alpino's first article includes four letters to Don Francesco Monteburno (1831-1895), founder of an orphanage, the Istituto degli Artigianelli, at Genoa; the second article includes another letter to Monteburno and three to Monsignor Salvatore Magnasco, Archbishop of Genoa. We are told that Don Medicina, Monteburno's secretary, had copied all these letters into an exercise book, which was Alpino's source. The originals are not known to have survived.

What seemed the three most important passages are here given at rather greater length than in the *Grove* article:

(to Monteburno):

"We have been in Paris for more than a fortnight now, and I received your dear comforting letter at Milan, where it had been forwarded. Thank you, Reverend Father, for you know I have need of it at this time. So much has been said about the case of Mariani—too many words with little foundation. Don't let us talk about myself, who have nothing with which to reproach Verdi in this matter, nor my dear friend Teresina, who has always behaved as a faithful friend should, without thought of abusing or betraying the friendship of those who have always wished her well. If Mariani decided to act as he did, he is his own master and responsible for his own actions. But Verdi is a perfect man of honour and gentleman and has nothing with

¹ "Quattro lettere inedite della moglie di Verdi" and "Religiosità di Verdi: Quattro lettere inedite di Giuseppina Strepponi". The first is signed "A", the second "L.A.". Alpino's authorship is certain, since he refers to the letters, and his publication of them, in other articles, signed with his full name.

which to reproach himself. The thought comforts me, Reverend Father, that I have in you someone who understands my state of mind so well, and your words cheer me. Verdi, too, has drawn comfort from your frank expressions, coming from a sincerely affectionate heart, and you, who at Palazzo Sauli have seen and learned many things, are in the best position to know and to judge".

(to the same):

"For a few moments, owing to malign tittle-tattle, some doubt may have come over me, but I have always been more than persuaded that I need think no evil of my good friend Teresa. She has been at Sant'Agata again this summer and her eye was limpid and sincere, and her words were frank and pure. Verdi laughed and made fun of her (forgive him!) as usual. Oh! I am not the person (you know everything, Father, about me) to judge what Teresina did for Mariani and what their relations were. But as one woman judging another I am led to think that she was trusting and believed that all would end well. As was my own experience. Instead of which it's all over now, and I'm convinced that Verdi gave her good advice, and only for her good, and that everything will go well".

(to Magnasco):

"I have completely recovered from the indisposition, not serious, that kept me for some days in bed, and my first duty, I feel, is to offer my respectful thanks to your Reverend Excellency for your kind and generous action in paying us a visit, which we owe especially to the interest of Don Francesco Montebruno. Verdi, too, who was moved by your Excellency's most courteous action, joins in thanking you and in presenting our most respectful homage. Verdi is not communicative and expansive, but his soul is very sensitive and grateful for every courtesy shown to him. There are those who wish to make believe that he is very different from what he really is, especially in certain matters concerning his intimate, spiritual life. Verdi's soul, since several years ago, has changed much in this respect; not changed substantially, because there was no need, but formally and apparently. Much of this change is owing to the work of the Abbé Mermillod—the most worthy priest who married us at Collanges—who knew how to find the way to reach efficaciously his soul and his heart. If externally and for reasons concerning politics, on which I cannot and must not make pronouncement, because I don't bother myself with them, Verdi does not appear that which in effect he is, one must not judge him solely by appearances. He is respectful towards religion, is a believer like me and never fails to carry out those practices necessary for a good Christian, such as he wishes to be. His conflicts with certain persons are incidents that do not touch his faith and his conscience, even if they withhold him from some practical demonstrations. Verdi is a good Christian, better than many others who wish to seem so more than he".

Alpino gives no dates for the two letters to Montebruno, but their content clearly suggests that they were written after the separation of Mariani and Teresa Stolz (1871), and in Mariani's lifetime ("he is his own master and responsible for his own actions"). Yet the first was written in Paris, and there is no record, in the biographies or in any correspondence known to me, of a visit to Paris, after the breach, until July, 1873, when Mariani was already dead. When I was trying to date these letters from internal evidence, the only possibility seemed to be that there was a brief visit to Paris which happened to escape mention in any of the surviving letters from other sources.

Alpino says the letter to Magnasco is from 1872. This is quite impossible, in view of the existence of other letters of Giuseppina's, *from this same year*, expressing very different opinions on Verdi's religious views:

(to Cesare Vigna, 9th May, 1872):

"Verdi esteems you too much not to believe your words and to number you, although you are a doctor, among the spiritualists. But, between ourselves, he presents the strangest phenomenon in the world. He is not a doctor, but an artist. Everyone agrees that there fell to his lot the divine gift of genius; he is a shining example of honesty; he understands and feels every delicate and elevated sentiment. And yet this *brigand* permits himself to be, I won't say an atheist, but certainly very little of a believer, and that with an obstinacy and calm that make one want to beat him. I exhaust myself in speaking to him of the marvels of the heavens, the earth, the sea, *etc., etc.* It's a waste of breath! He laughs in my face and freezes me in the midst of my oratorical periods, my divine enthusiasm, by saying: '*You're all mad*', and unfortunately he says it in good faith".

(to the Countess Clarina Maffei, 3rd September, 1872):

"Verdi is busy with his grotto and his garden. He is very well and in the best of spirits. Happy man!—and may God keep him happy for many long years to come! There are some virtuous natures that need to believe in God; others, equally perfect, that are happy not believing in anything, and simply observing rigorously every precept of strict morality. Manzoni and Verdi! These two men give me cause for thought—are for me a true subject for meditation. But my imperfections and ignorance render me incapable of solving the obscure problem they present".

My conclusion was that the date 1872 in Alpino's article was a misprint—they are common enough in Italian newspapers. The whole tone of the letter to Magnasco suggested a much later date—1892 perhaps? But then, there is a reference to a recent visit from the Archbishop, and another of these letters, to Montebruno after Magnasco's death in 1892, says: "*For many years, in view of his great age, we have not approached him*".

The problem was baffling. But there was one possibility of solving it.

Giuseppina Verdi, from 1860 onwards, kept records of her correspondence. Alessandro Luzio devoted about fifty pages of his *Carteggi verdiani* (Rome, 1935) to these five foolscap volumes from the archives of Sant'Agata. The material, however, is of vast extent—many times greater than that of Verdi's own *Copialettere*. When, in May 1956, through the kindness of Signorina Gabriella Carrara-Verdi and her family, I was able to spend ten days studying Giuseppina's autograph letter-books, one of the things I was most anxious to do was to discover the correct dates of these letters to Montebruno and Magnasco. To my surprise and disappointment, *none of them was there!* There is no record of any of the eight letters published in Alpino's articles.

This does not, in itself, constitute proof that no such letters were ever written, because she did not keep copies of all her correspondence. There are a number of entries with just the date and "Wrote to Montebruno". Nevertheless, these negative results gave me much to think about and it was in conversation at Busseto that I first formulated in words an idea that had been hovering uncertainly in my mind for some time—that the letter to Magnasco might be a pious forgery. My attention was very forcibly directed to this particular letter by the discovery that in the first draft of that to Cesare Vigna, quoted above, Giuseppina actually wrote: "*this brigand permits himself to be an atheist with an obstinacy and calm that make one want to*

beat him". She chose subsequently the less drastic form, but first she wrote "atheist".

A little later, a further very careful examination of the texts of the eight letters published by Alpino drove me to the conclusion that they were *all* forgeries.

The letter-books provide us with positive, as well as negative, evidence about the relations of Verdi, Giuseppina and Don Montebruno. Palazzo Sauli, on the hill of Carignano, belonged to the Marchesa Luisa Sauli Pallavicino. Verdi rented the *piano nobile* of this building from 1st December, 1866, to 30th November, 1874, though he only occupied it for a part of the time, generally in the winter. Mariani, who was a friend of the Marchesa's and had made most of the arrangements, installed himself in some rooms in the attic and became Verdi's sub-tenant.² One often reads that Teresa Stolz cohabited with Mariani, but this is not true. The address of Palazzo Sauli was, and still is, Via San Giacomo, no. 18. Nearby, at no. 13, lived a Genoese friend of Giuseppina's, Signora Nina Ravina, through whom she was first brought into contact with Don Montebruno. This was early in 1872. Montebruno wrote to Giuseppina before he had actually met her. On 19th January Giuseppina wrote to Nina Ravina from Milan: "Tell Don Montebruno that when I have the courage I will reply to his letter, which has moved me, and in which I seem to discern a distant sadness, overcome, at least apparently, by an iron will and the gift of faith. A precious gift!" She wrote to Montebruno himself for the first time on 17th February:

"You are not unknown to me. If, like so many others, I don't know you *materially*, in person, I know of your work, and I know and I *feel* that your name brings benediction, and I feel, too, that it must be benediction both for those who suffer materially, and for those who suffer morally. I am grateful to Nina for having given me the opportunity and the courage to enter into relations with you, and if it is true that the style is the man, the style of your letter is such as to render me still more glad of this wholly spiritual relationship of ours".

It seems likely, though it cannot be proved, that she became personally acquainted with him on her return to Genoa, a few days later. It is certain that, in later years, he was her confessor.³ On 24th October, 1887, she wrote: "As soon as time and my knees permit I will come to do the washing, as usual. I wish I were able to say: '*I have no further need to do it*'. Only too well I know that's not the case, and I believe (a poor consolation) that very few people indeed have a *clean sheet*".

So much for Giuseppina. But what of Verdi? In the last of the letter-books is a loose card addressed to Nina Ravina, with the postscript: "Father Montebruno performed the miracle of appearing briefly in our house and he was an enormous success [*ha fatto un furorone*]! That handsome face, honest,

² This is contrary to what one reads in Gatti's biography and, particularly, in Umberto Zoppi's *Mariani, Verdi e la Stolz* (Milan, 1947). My facts are drawn from Mariani's unpublished correspondence with Verdi, in the archives of Sant'Agata.

³ In the *Grove* article I mistakenly said that Monsignor Magnasco was her confessor.

open, sincere, made the best of impressions on Verdi". The card is undated. But the vital date is given by another entry in the letter-book, of 29th January, 1888:

"Father Montebruno. Verdi, happy to have made your personal acquaintance, sends his respects, thanks you for your visit (most agreeable to both of us) and begs you to accept what is enclosed, with his card, for your little artisans and your poor".

This is *devastating*, since it proves that Verdi did not know Montebruno before 1888. Now let us look back at the first of the letters published by Alpino: "You, who at Palazzo Sauli have seen and learned many things, are in the best position to know and to judge". Palazzo Sauli was given up in 1874. How can Montebruno have "seen and learned many things" there, without making Verdi's acquaintance? And since all relations between Teresa Stolz and Mariani, and Mariani and Verdi, had already been broken off before Giuseppina first entered into correspondence with Montebruno, in 1872, *what* things could he have *seen* at Palazzo Sauli?

Another of the letters says: "I have never been a mother". We know that in her youth she had had two illegitimate children. Was she *lying*, then, to her confessor, to whom she had also written: "You know everything, Father, about me"?

Then we find this: "Father, I have always wanted to make Verdi happy by giving him a son; we have never thought of not wanting it, we have done nothing, absolutely nothing, I swear to you on my soul, that the great mystery should not be consummated". Yet as early as 3rd January, 1853, she had written to Verdi: "We shall have no children".

Three of the letters are published with the signature "Giuseppina Strepponi-Verdi"—a form she *never* used.

If, as seems now beyond all doubt, these letters are forgeries, who was responsible for them? There are only two possibilities: either Alpino himself wrote them, or they were "planted" on him, for purposes of Catholic propaganda, by Don Medicina, from whom he says he got them. Don Medicina died in June, 1918, so that if Alpino's story of their origin is true, they were in his possession for twenty-one years, at the very least, before he published them. During that period Alpino wrote an article on "La Religione di Giuseppe Verdi", in reply to affirmations by Andrea Della Corte in *La Stampa* that the composer was not a believer. In this article he did not quote or refer to these letters, although they would have furnished him with evidence much more convincing, certainly, than anything he was able to produce from other sources. But the contents of that "old exercise-book" only began to find their way into print in 1939.⁴

⁴ A single sentence, said to be from a letter to Montebruno, but not identical with anything in the *Corriere della Sera* articles, is given in "La seconda Moglie di Giuseppe Verdi", in Alpino's *Profili e Ricordi*, of 1933.

Of Alpino's numerous publications, besides the two articles in the *Corriere della Sera*, the following are pertinent to this inquiry:

"Ricordi genovesi di Giuseppe Verdi" (*Il Secolo XX*, November, 1926);

"Verdi, Mariani, la Stolz e Gemito" (*Corriere del Pomeriggio Illustrato*, 19th-20th January, 1927);

Profili e Ricordi (Milan, 1933), with reprints of the articles "La Religione di Giuseppe Verdi", "Fu Verdi iscritto alla Massoneria?" and "La seconda Moglie di Giuseppe Verdi";

Verdi Uморista (Milan, 1935);

"Ciò che ricordo di Verdi" (*L'Avvenire*, 17th December, 1940);

"Giuseppina Strepponi e il suo confessore" (*Pro Familia*, of uncertain date).⁵

These writings include, besides much that is unoriginal, a number of stories that were new to Verdi literature at the time of their publication by Alpino. What he has to say about the relationship between Verdi, Mariani and Teresa Stolz, in several of the articles, is given on the authority of Luisa Cora-Mancinelli, who was living at the time of publication. But some of the other material is of much more dubious authenticity. In the "Ricordi genovesi" of 1926 we are told, not only precisely where Verdi stayed during his first brief visit to Genoa in 1841, for the production of *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio*, but even what he ate. The source of this information is not given. Further: "It was in 1841 that Giuseppina Strepponi, highly acclaimed interpreter of *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Saffo*, sang at the Teatro Carlo Felice". This is not true. She sang there, for the only time in her career, in 1842 (first appearance on 18th January) in Pacini's *Saffo* and Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*. A story, said to have been related by the composer S. A. De Ferrari (1824-1885), that Verdi first declared his love for Giuseppina by composing for her, at Genoa, the aria "Anch'io dischiuso un giorno" in *Nabucco*, "which did not appear in the first edition", is repeated and amplified in "La seconda Moglie di Giuseppe Verdi", as reprinted in *Profili e Ricordi*. There the incident is said to have occurred in the spring of 1843: "La Strepponi received grandiose ovations from the public, but understood all the delicate inspiring sentiment; their two hearts united, never to separate again". The facts are that Giuseppina never sang in *Nabucco* at Genoa, and the aria was in the opera from its first performance; it appears in the earliest scores and the words appear in the original Milanese libretto of 1842.

The "Ricordi genovesi" also tell us that Verdi was a freemason:

"The composer was enrolled in Masonry, or rather in the Carboneria, and belonged to a Genoese club or lodge. He had been initiated by Giuseppe Mazzini and Valentino Armirotti. It is established by the affirmations of persons beyond suspicion that in the years between 1886 and 1890 he sometimes frequented the lodge that was in Via Davide Chiossone, near Piazza San Matteo".

After this was published Alpino was approached by Alessandro Luzio, who, as author of *La Massoneria e il Risorgimento italiano* (2 vols., Bologna, 1925),

⁵ I have seen this only as an extracted article, without date of publication, but in the smaller format of this periodical in the war-years and after.

was well qualified to speak on these matters. Luzio pointed out, besides the apparent confusion between masonry and the Carboneria, the anachronism involved in the statement that Verdi had been initiated by Mazzini, who broke off relations with the Carbonari in 1831, was never a mason, and first met Verdi in 1847. Alpino had to accept this, but put the blame on the French hoaxer Leo Taxil, author of spurious revelations of the mysteries of free-masonry and the amours of Pio Nono, among other things. In "Fu Verdi iscritto alla Massoneria?" Alpino wrote: "In reality Leo Taxil said and repeated more than once that Verdi was a mason, and I say that since I heard it directly, with my own ears".

Another unacceptable story concerning Mazzini appears in *Profili e Ricordi*, in a chapter "Il primo maestro di Francesco Tamagno":

"I remember that Verdi, complaining of the lack of success of his song *L'Esule* (inspired by his friend Giuseppe Mazzini), put no small part of the blame on Temistocle Solera's poem, inapt and unfitting".

Now *L'Esule*, written in 1839, has nothing whatsoever to do with Mazzini. Alpino puts this story forward as a personal reminiscence ("I remember . . ."). Can one believe that Verdi, in his old age, talked in this way about one of his early and utterly unimportant songs, to a small boy?

Alpino explains, in "Ciò che ricordo di Verdi", that he attended, as a day boy, Montebruno's Istituto degli Artigianelli, where he learned his trade, as journalist and engraver. In 1885, when he was ten, he was sent for the first time to Palazzo Doria, with a letter for Giuseppina. Between the ages of ten and fifteen he had a number of encounters with Verdi. Some conversations are reproduced, in which the composer figures as a combination of Father Christmas and a woolly-minded old Sunday-school teacher: "Do you pay attention to what Don Montebruno says to you? Do you work? Are you good in church, before the Lord? He sees everything, you know; He gives nothing to bad boys; you have to be good. Your Director is a saint, you must always obey him. Give him my regards, won't you?"

Alpino says he does not believe that Montebruno himself ever visited Verdi's home at Palazzo Doria: "He often went, however, when he lived at Palazzo Sauli in Carignano: the composer used then to go to mass every Sunday in the Basilica dell' Assunta. It was known, and many people went there expressly to see him". In "Giuseppina Strepponi e il suo confessore" Alpino tells how Verdi, from Palazzo Sauli, used to go down every day to collect his letters, passing by the Istituto degli Artigianelli, so that Montebruno often met him, and in this way made his acquaintance, and afterwards used to go to Palazzo Sauli to ask for and receive contributions to his funds.

The documentary evidence we have drawn from Giuseppina's letter-books proves that all this is just a mass of lies. Montebruno visited Palazzo Doria in January, 1888, and before that date had never met Verdi.

There are plenty of other inventions in these writings, such as that the Abbé Mermillod had been a frequenter of Giuseppina's *salon* in Paris, that *Don Carlos* was written in Palazzo Sauli, and that Verdi told Lorenzo Parodi

that Donizetti went mad as a result of failing to win a competition for the post of *maestro di cappella* of the Cathedral of Novara. But for a final example we will give another of Alpino's personal reminiscences, from the "Ricordi genovesi":⁶

"A few months after the triumph of *Otello*, Verdi had ordered a prayer-book from the Libreria Fassi-Como, to be bound in real mother of pearl, as a wedding-present for the daughter of some friends. The binder having delayed the work, on the morning of the wedding I took the book to the church of the Annunziata, where the ceremony was taking place, and handed it, with many apologies, to Verdi, and, curious, I stayed. During the mass there was performed music for violins and voice, including a most beautiful *Ave Maria*, sung by a limpid soprano voice. It was new music and, when it was over, Verdi asked his neighbour:

'By whom is that music? I seem to remember it. . . .'

'Yes, indeed!' replied the person interrogated, 'It's the *Ave Maria* from your *Otello*'.

'Mah! I didn't recognize it', said Verdi".

Can anyone believe that story?

Alpino's publications have left their mark on Verdi literature. The spurious letters to Monteburno and Magnasco are quoted in Luzio's *Carteggi Verdiani* (Vol. IV, Rome, 1947, p. 207, footnote 2) and in Gatti's biography (2nd edition, Milan, 1951, p. 790), as well as in my *Grove* article. Everything that Gatti says about Verdi and freemasonry is derived from Alpino's writings, as are the statements that he could be seen, in his last years, almost every morning in the church of the Annunziata at Genoa, that a Christmas midnight mass was celebrated, by consent of the Archbishop, at Palazzo Doria in 1892,⁷ and that he had "long and devoted friendships" with Monteburno, Mermillod, Magnasco and Monsignor Calabiana, Archbishop of Milan.

No one has done more, in all good faith, to spread knowledge of the works of this false witness than Don Ferruccio Botti, in *Verdi e la Religione* (Parma, 1940), *Giuseppe Verdi* (Alba, 1941 and 1951) and in innumerable articles. Study of Don Botti's writings reveals the existence of a whole school of Catholic apologists intent on showing that, in Verdi's case, black was white. Fantasy is piled on fantasy. What are we to think of this passage by one Carlo Monticelli, quoted by Don Botti, from an unnamed source, in "Documenti sulla religiosità del Maestro" (*L'Osservatore romano*, 28th January, 1951)?

"The encounter between the Verdis and Don Francesco Monteburno was in the highest degree original. They lived on the heights of Carignano, in Palazzo Sauli, and Don Monteburno's Istituto degli Artigianelli was about two hundred metres away in Via Corsica, on the walls of Santa Chiara.⁸ The episode is known of that circus proprietor in Via Corsica who confronted Giuseppe Verdi as he was passing one day, inviting him to attend a performance. Verdi accepted and from that day the circus, almost always deserted earlier, was crowded every evening as 'Giuseppe Verdi's Circus'.

⁶ There is another version in *Verdi Umorista* (p. 85), and a third, but without reference to *Otello*, in "Ciò che ricordo di Verdi".

⁷ In a contribution to the Genoese newspaper *Il Nuovo Cittadino*, of 28th January, 1941, Alpino claimed to have been one of the acolytes, in attendance on the priest, Don Colombara, at this mass at Palazzo Doria.

⁸ This is true. Monteburno's address is given in Giuseppina's letter-books as Mura Santa Chiara 42.

"Don Montebruno wished to repeat the gesture and one day, when he saw the Verdis in Via Galeazzo Alessi, plucked up his courage, approached them, stopped them, with all courtesy, and after the introduction begged them to lend their support to his Institute, which was in great need. The Verdis promised their support, invited Don Montebruno to their house, and friendship was soon formed".

The story of the circus proprietor, otherwise unknown, appears in Alpino's *Verdi Umorista* (p. 60); his account of the meeting with Montebruno has been shown to be false, by our documents. Monticelli has fused these two stories into one.

And what are we to think of the reminiscences of Carlo Nasi, as reported by Claudio Cavalcabò Fratta in the *Rivista dei Giovani* of 15th March, 1941, and quoted by Don Botti (*Giuseppe Verdi*, 1st edition, pp. 446-451, 2nd edition, pp. 270-273)? We are here presented with long conversations, one of them between Verdi and a priest at Le Roncole, said to have been overheard by Nasi from behind a hay wagon, and others between Giuseppina and Nasi himself. One passage concerns Mermillod, of whom Giuseppina is reported as saying: "He is truly one of our most precious friends. In all families there arise at times delicate questions and doubts about what decisions to take, etc. Well, then, when Verdi has need of advice, to remove his scruples of conscience, he turns to Cardinal Mermillod. Speaking about him he always says: 'He has never given me mistaken advice. He's a saint, and what a fine brain! Boito, obstinate fellow, hesitates to believe it, because he doesn't know him well. But I want them to become friends'".

Let us return to reality. A letter from Giuseppina to Canon Avanzi, parish priest of Vidalenzo, near Sant'Agata, of 26th December, 1868, says: "We have received from the Abbé Mermillod, now Bishop of Geneva, the necessary documents for the affair you know of, accompanied by a gracious and elegant letter".⁹ From Verdi's correspondence with Giuseppe Piroli¹⁰ we know that some doubt had arisen about the validity of the marriage celebrated at Collanges in 1859. These are the terms in which Verdi, writing to Piroli, refers to Mermillod, whose name he persistently mis-spells:

(27th October, 1868):

"That priest *Mermillot*, Rector of *Nôtre Dame de Genève*, who took charge of everything there was to do, wished to celebrate the marriage (sending the parish priest of that village out for a walk), perhaps so as to have the whole fee for himself".

(3rd November, 1868):

"Let me try, first, to find this *Mermillot*. If I find him it will be easy to get the documents".

(17th December, 1868):

"I have received from Bishop *Mermillot* all the enclosed papers. I send you also a part of his blessings, if you need them, because half of them are enough for me".

⁹ Published by Luzio (*Carteggi verdiani*, vol. II, p. 29) from the letter-books, with a remark that the passage is important "because it shows that the Verdis had maintained the most affectionate relations with the Abbé Mermillod, who in 1859 had blessed their union". But it shows nothing of the sort. It shows only that Mermillod had written a gracious and elegant letter.

¹⁰ *Carteggi verdiani*, vol. III.

Nothing could be clearer than this. Mermillod was *not* a friend of Verdi; there had been no relations between them, after the marriage, until this year, when the documents were needed. There are no later references to him in Verdi's correspondence. There are no letters to him in Giuseppina's letter-books. No letters from him to Verdi are preserved. None of his publications is among Verdi's books at Sant'Agata.

Mermillod was a remarkable man, about whom a considerable literature exists.¹¹ A militant Catholic in Calvinist Switzerland, he was nominated *vicaire apostolique* of Geneva by Pio Nono, but the Swiss would not hear of it. He was exiled in 1873 and spent, after excommunicating his adversaries, ten years travelling about Europe. A formidable orator, he is said to have delivered 1,000 sermons in one year. Politically, he was at the opposite pole to Verdi. He was hostile to Cavour and all he stood for, was a friend of Cardinal Antonelli, and attended the Vatican Council of 1869-70. He returned to Switzerland in 1883, was made a Cardinal in 1890 and called to Rome, where he died on 23rd February, 1892.

How is it possible that Giuseppina could have spoken of this Swiss prelate as "one of our most precious friends"?

All that has been written about this supposed friendship derives from the writings of Alpino.

¹¹ I have consulted:

J.-T. de Belloc, *Le Cardinal Mermillod: Sa vie, ses oeuvres, et son apostolat* (Fribourg, Paris, Geneva, 1892);

Le Chanoine d'Aggrigente, *Son Éminence le Cardinal Mermillod* (Lyon, Paris, 1893);

G. Félix, *S.E. le Cardinal Mermillod: Vie intime* (Paris, n.d.);

C. Comte, *Le Cardinal Mermillod d'après sa Correspondence* (Geneva, Paris, 1924).

Schönberg's classical Background

BY

ALAN WALKER

One of the most pregnant lessons of history is that the kernel of new ideas that seem to arise with each succeeding epoch may always be found in previous times.

Paul Henry Láng (*Music in Western Civilization*)

It is easy to be wise after the event; it is also wise. The wisdom of historians hinges upon their partiality for forecasting past events from still more remote causes. They become unreliable when they begin to prophecy from present cause to future event. More than fifty years have passed since Prout informed us that "without a clearly defined tonality music is impossible",¹ yet the event has proved him wrong. Nor was Prout the only musician whose attempts at crystal gazing turned out to be abortive. In 1951 Sir George Dyson wrote that "it has yet to be proved that the theoretical construction of new conventions, however logical in themselves, can replace the more gradual and intuitive development of a traditional language",² and this on the strength of an "intensive study" of Schönberg's music conducted thirty [*sic*] years previously. Presumably Dyson meant us to take him seriously even though the event had already proved him wrong before he rushed into print. One wonders what Schönberg he had heard in the meantime (if any) and what were the earlier works that led to such a pronouncement (in 1921 Schönberg had written nothing in strict twelve-tone technique).

Events have a habit of moving quickly. In spite of my admiration for H. G. Wells I find that he becomes tedious when the event has proved him wrong, for the event has often turned out to be more fantastic than his prophecy. But then Wells was a novelist and no one minds very much when he sometimes backs a loser. It is a little more serious however, when musicians scholarly or otherwise start placing bets; their very subject should warn them not to do it. When it comes to speculating on the eventual acceptance of the music of Schönberg, Webern and Berg, that is rather like backing the runners in yesterday's race. Yet theoretically of course, there is not the slightest reason why you shouldn't prophecy on the strength of past events provided your knowledge of the past is wide enough; that was Wells' main point. When you have proved him wrong in the future you have really only proved his incomplete knowledge of the past—which attacks Dyson on his own ground. In short, if Wells is right, the stage for any kind of human activity was set a considerable time previously, and had he been a musician

¹ *Musical Form*—London, 1893.

² *Music and Letters*—Autumn, 1951.

he would have told you that to talk of the crisis of the twentieth century is to reveal that you do not fully understand the music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

In writing about the evolution rather than the revolution of serialism I am some four years behind Hans Keller and thirty-four years behind Erwin Stein.³ Keller's masterly article in fact goes to the heart of the problem and leaves unsolved only the question of providing a sufficient amount of evidence in a limited amount of space. This present article may help to fill in the lacuna and at the same time be news to anyone who hasn't yet come across the other two. The New York editor who told his junior reporter that "when a dog bites a man that's not news, but when a man bites a dog that is news" would probably reverse his argument if men took to biting dogs *en masse*; it is sufficient justification for this article that the prophecies of musicians dead for some years still enjoy a wider circulation than the facts that prove them wrong. Schönberg the revolutionist is not news; Schönberg the evolutionist is.

The official opening of the twelve-note method was marked by the publication in the early 1920s of Schönberg's Five Piano Pieces, op. 23. It would be a mistake to assume from this, however, that serial technique had not been used before this event. There is a mass of evidence in Schönberg's earlier works to show that he was unconsciously feeling his way forward to the time when his "new" structural principles first became conscious. Schönberg himself, after the formulation of his method, discovered that he had accurately forecast certain later serial events in the early Chamber Symphony, op. 9. The surprising thing is that although he made such a deep study of earlier composers (especially Brahms) he never consciously discovered such forecasts in anyone else. Nevertheless, they exist. Whether or not they are convincing will depend upon how liberal a view you are prepared to take of serialism. Fully-grown twelve-tone rows rarely appear before Schönberg; but their historical forerunners, degree-rows, are present in abundance. The only difference between a degree-row and a twelve-tone row lies in the use of all the chromatic notes in the latter and the consistency of their application; it is, in fact, the basic source of the material of the entire work, melodic and harmonic. This is a big enough difference in all conscience, but its size depends largely on the size of your outlook.

Beethoven's A minor Quartet, op. 132, as every writer of record sleeve notes will tell you, is dominated by a series of four notes (Ex. 1 (A)) that are permuted in many different ways, one of the most interesting of which is brought about by a reversal of brackets *x* and *y* to form Ex. 1 (B). Nor is this reversal all; the second and fourth semibreves have been transposed down one and two octaves respectively and such octave transpositions are essentially serial. The only difference between this degree-row and a Schönbergian tone-row is the difference between four and twelve. Beethoven even telescopes his series into one bar in the final movement (Ex. 1 (C)), showing

³ See references.

that it is capable of yielding vertical as well as horizontal results; this is in the best serial tradition. There is a further piece of evidence that in the event turns out to be serial and this comes to light in a comparison of the first and second subjects, or more precisely, their first six notes (Ex. 1 (D)). The first phrase of the first subject has its outline preserved by the first phrase of the second subject (with the exception of the inversion of the first note). This again is in keeping with the uncommitted nature of a Schönbergian row which will allow it to take on any number of rhythmic shapes and thus diversify at the same time as it unifies.

Ex. 1 I: bar 1

(A) 

I: bar 282

(B) 

V: bar 8

(C) 

I: bar 11

(D) 

I: bar 49

(E) 

Schönberg was fond of saying that he was a pupil of Mozart. It is fairly certain that he had no real idea of the magnitude of his debt or why he was so strongly drawn towards the latter's music. The truth is that Mozart's music is particularly rich in degree-rows and Schönberg probably unconsciously identified Mozart's procedures with his own. From the first of the "Haydn" quartets (K.387 in G major) they play an increasingly important structural role in Mozart and in several places assume the status of strict serial technique. The last movement of the G major Quartet commences with a four-note degree-row that is used as the subject of a fugal exposition (Ex. 2 (A)). I prefer to call this subject a degree-row in the present context because of later events in the movement, two of which are shown in Ex. 2 (B) and 2 (C). Ex. 2 (B) is in the same category as 1 (D) in that it shows the

close relationship that exists between first and second subjects; Ex. 2 (B) is the consequent of the antecedent shown at 2 (A), a fact that becomes perfectly clear if this movement is heard up to its eighth bar. The beginning of the development section of this movement is shown at Ex. 2 (C) to be organized on serial lines, though here the serialism is a background affair no less important for all that. The musical ear will readily pick out the likeness between these six bars and the opening of the movement.

Ex. 2 IV: bar 1

IV: bar 110

IV: bar 125

Such derivations are not uncommon in Mozart; more than pure coincidence went into the formulation of the thematic identities shown above as a thorough investigation of the "Haydn" six would show. But even in a sphere far removed from quartet writing the evidence continues to pile up, leaving the sceptical reader with a lot of explanations to find.

The C minor piano Concerto (K.491) is one of Mozart's finest creations in this medium and the sheer wealth of themes in this work would guarantee complete and utter structural collapse in the hands of a lesser composer. There are at least twelve strongly contrasted themes contained within the three movements which present a thorny problem of integration to the analyst. That they *are* integrated goes without saying because they sound integrated, but it is not fruitless to demonstrate the means that Mozart employs to achieve continuity. Only a complete analysis could do justice to the work and that would run to a serial story at least; but Ex. 3 may convince you that we have here a serial story in one instalment. Ex. 3 (A) shows the beginning of the work with the all-important integrating factor bracketed in bars three and four. At the beginning of the development section (Ex. 3 (B)) the fourth note of the degree-row (4a) is replaced by a substitute note (4b) and this "new" version is repeated sequentially a minor third higher (bracket x). Ex. 3 (C) refers *back* to the orchestral exposition and explains away my inverted commas in the previous sentence. This is an extremely simple example of the way in which Mozartian themes hang together. It is made more significant by the fact that the original form of the degree-row throws out a tentacle to the

last movement and becomes a retrograde part of the variation theme of the finale (Ex. 3 (D)).

Ex. 3

(A) I: bar 1

(B) I: bar 302

(C) I: bar 74

(D) I: bar 8 III: bar 8

It is one of the deeper mysteries of our day that the average musician equates serialism with atonality. While it is true that historically speaking the former grew out of the latter, the employment of strict serial technique does not necessarily preclude the use of tonality although it makes it less essential. Lack of a true appreciation of this fact makes the average musician see red when one tries to give Schönberg a respectable background. However, there is any amount of evidence to show that Schönberg's ultimate solution to the problem of how to organize atonal music was psychologically sound *for his classical predecessors had tended to react in precisely the same way to this very same problem.* Although tonality and serial technique are compatible the organizing function of the latter can be invoked, *and often is*, when the balance of tonality is upset in classical music. My present example to demonstrate this point comes again from Mozart.

At the end of the exposition of the first movement of the G minor Quintet (K. 516) we have a perfect demonstration of the way in which a disintegrating tonality can become re-integrated by the use of serial technique (Ex. 4). The cause of the disintegration itself is not without interest. In order to facilitate a smooth return to the beginning of the exposition Mozart prepares the way two bars from the repeat sign by moving to the dominant of the home key (for some time the second subject has been in the relative major). So far so good. But the device that brought about the second hearing comes round again itself and prepares the way for a third hearing. Crisis: how to break away from the vicious circle created by the final bars of the exposition? Mozart solves this by rejecting with some violence the dominant implications of the final exposition chord and modulates with extreme rapidity to the key of the flattened supertonic. In doing so he temporarily sacrifices tonal stability. Now it so happens that although these bars represent a crisis in the tonality of the movement they are the most tightly organized in the entire work.

Mozart has here used strict serial technique to compensate for the loosening of tonality; in fact, as Ex. 4 makes quite clear, these bars are serially overdetermined by the simultaneous use of two degree-rows and their derivatives. The basic set is indicated by the letters BS. The second basic set which overdetermines (*i.e.* reinforces) the serial concept is indicated by the letters BS^o.

Ex. 4

The example consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. Above the top staff, a bracket labeled 'BS' spans the first two measures. Above the middle staff, a bracket labeled 'BS^o I' spans the first two measures. Below the middle staff, a bracket labeled 'BS^o R' spans the first two measures. Below the bottom staff, a bracket labeled 'BS R' spans the first two measures. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, with arrows indicating the correspondence between the different sets of notes across the staves.

Any discussion of the classical background of serial technique is almost bound to raise the question: were the composers concerned aware of the serial nature of certain parts of their works? In my submission this is the wrong question. The only valid one is: does serial technique sometimes emerge in classical music? The latter can be answered positively and makes the former unnecessary. It is true that the principles of serial technique were not rationalized before Schönberg, but this does not mean that they could not have been unconsciously used in composition before his time. That they were in fact so used only points to the soundness of Schönberg's reasoning.

All this and more, if you care to follow the hares that I have released, will not turn Mozart or the late Beethoven into serialists. Such has not been my intention. But it might help to show that Schönberg was a composer whose techniques are securely rooted in the past. If you are sceptical enough to believe that my "hares" are in fact wild geese then you would probably only be convinced by a sworn affidavit from Schönberg himself. As it is, such a document, or something very like it was brought to light only a few months ago by Joseph Rufer and part of it printed in the February (1958) issue of *The Score*. Written in 1931 and headed "National Music", Schönberg therein sets out his indebtedness to the past and tells us that from Mozart he learned "integration of heterogeneous elements by thematic unity". Mozart's music tells us as much, but the lesson is re-emphasized by Schönberg's own comment. In any case this is typical of Schönberg for he above all people was aware of his classical background and never tired of pointing it out to those who called him revolutionary. There was an almost Wellsian

quality about the way in which he applied his knowledge of the music of the past towards the evolution of new techniques. When the time comes for a history of the first half of this century's music to be written, we shall see things in truer perspective, and that will come about not only because we can see our own present in greater detail but also because our past will be looked at in a new way.

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The Legacy of Ralph Vaughan Williams A Retrospect

BY

A. E. F. DICKINSON

THE exceptionally long creative career of Ralph Vaughan Williams has had something of a "Marathon" race about it: the feeling of incredible distances covered at each stage, urged on by the necessity of consolidating a position before the foreign invader once more overruns the land. In some undisclosed preparatory period, chiefly unconscious, Vaughan Williams left the nearest home influences, Parry and Stanford, behind, valued for their discerning selection of texts, choral propensity, and a balanced enthusiasm for the Bs and a distinctively British way of life. Elgar was recognized as the master, chiefly, of an unprecedented nervousness of orchestral and vocal texture, and of the all-consuming, all-absorbing moment of affirmation or restraint, but not of any musical style that could be developed further. From these the new composer moved forward, *via* a positive and far from purely assimilative tune-collecting stage, to the genuine conquests of *A Sea Symphony*, the Fantasia on Tallis' third tune in Parker's Psalter, "On Wenlock Edge", and, heterogeneous but characteristic on a wider scale, *A London Symphony*. Returning to normal work after war service at Salonika and a year as a front-line artillery officer in France, he puzzled audiences with his absorption in certain harmonic progressions and sonorities in the *Pastoral Symphony*, *Sancta Civitas* (1925) and *Flos Campi*, and he seemed to be approaching a state of motion in a straight line. But in *Job* he broke altogether new ground, in dramatic *genre*, melodic interest, harmonic repertory and orchestral range. *Five Tudor Portraits* and *Dona nobis pacem* were also each unpredictable, and *Riders to the Sea* matched Synge's acute portraiture of the mother with a strikingly tormented texture.

In the realm of pure music, after an unpopular blend of blunt toccata and trenchant fugue in the piano Concerto, Vaughan Williams sweepingly confounded critics, and to some degree himself, with the violent assertions, ruthlessly incisive texture, and perpetual disturbances of cadence, of no. 4 in F minor (1935). Yet no. 5 in D exhibited equally steadily a tranquil style—not merely in the absence of *fff* or of unresolved discord—without dropping back into the automatic reiterations of the *Pastoral Symphony*; its mellowness and sanctity hinted at a respectable old age. Then no. 6 in E minor declared a new return to trenchancy, not really indebted to no. 4, with a baffling, utterly non-mellow, finale. If the next "symphony" was explicable as a controversial extension of the earlier "Scott" film music, its nobility of thought was no less its own, the ruthlessness being now naturalistic and in a sense

external to the central point of reference. Its *genre* is symphonic. The succeeding *Hodie*, sounding rather scrappy on the radio, in the absence of an audible text, has proved, on further acquaintance, to be concentrated, where needed, as well as diversionary, and something of a return to melody, the last literally dinged into the senses at the end. Symphony no. 8 in D minor once more reasserted the composer's interest in experiment, here orchestral, but also his concern for structure, with some loosening of bands in the finale. No. 9, not long in our experience, seems more wayward, with a trend towards episode, yet left listeners still wondering, what next? But once again the ninth was the last.

This stretch of fifty years has not produced an immense quantity of music of concert appeal, but with some obvious exceptions its steady advance on previous ground, in its chosen field, is such that to try to assess it as a simple whole is almost to defy its nature. There has been so much thrust at so many levels. At each of these, from the apparently light-handed competence of writing for congregations or film audiences to the tasks of major works, Vaughan Williams has submitted *con amore* to the discipline of the situation, and come out the stronger, and, in some degree, a new influence.

We may begin with his treatment of melody, and first with his arrangements of tunes for "The English Hymnal" and "Songs of Praise", and by implication for such verses in folk-tune fantasias as do not partake of Variation. Were the great derivative tunes of these (and now other) hymnaries the inevitable fruit of a wide probe into sources? No. A congregational hymn-tune must be a reasonable strophe in itself, borne along not only by a pronounced rhythm but also by a growing sense of structure. These factors are rarely found in original sources. Consider the originals of two well-known tunes and recall the changes in "Monksgate" and "*Lasst uns erfreuen*": in the first case,¹ the elimination of the mannered fall to submediant and meandering 5/4 bar, the addition of ballast to the light *anacrusis*, and so on, but also the replacement of the weakening middle repeat by the repeat of the now strengthened first phrase, with modulation striking accordingly in the third phrase, and other harmonic progressions for the new pattern's sake; in the second case, the establishment of a steady triple metre by the removal of all unevenness (requiring only a competent *tempo giusto* from the organist to secure united singing from a large congregation), with compensating emphasis of the penultimate bar, but also the addition of a mobile figured bass to tighten the sense of progression in each phrase.

So with the melodic disposition and harmonic provisions for many other tunes. Many comparisons expose, incidentally, the stodgy spacing and unvocal, aimless bass of "Hymns ancient and modern" (e.g. "Old 104th", "Duke Street", "*Wir pflügen*"). Cumulatively, this reserved art leaves little doubt whether strophical tunes can matter, and the most critical congregational experience confirms this estimate readily enough. The choice of tune also vindicates a concern for the text, whether to bring it out further, as in "Down

¹ *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, 2.8, p. 202, noted by Vaughan Williams.

Ex. 1

Our cap - tain calls all hands on board to - mor - row

Leav - ing my dear to mourn in grief and sor - row
Dry up these bri - ny tears and leave off weep - ing

So hap - py may we be at our next meet - ing.

Lasset uns er - freu - en herz - lich sehr, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia
Ma - ri - a seufft und weit nicht mehr

Catholische Kirchen Gesang, 1625

Verschunden al - le Ne - bel sein, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
Jetzt scheint der lie - ben Son - nen - schein, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Ampney", or to treat it as a workable formality for what it feebly suggests, as in "*Sine nomine*", or as a desirable vacancy, for which a plausible hymn can be supplied, as in "Psalm 68". From these we may proceed to recall such felicities as the following intonations. The first, from *Sir John in love*, where it receives a delightfully lilting accompaniment, has been incorporated in the cantata, *In Windsor Forest*, where it stands up surprisingly well to the surge of united voices; the second, emerging suddenly from an ecstatic F major, nicely avoids squareness by the 5/4 bars, here in place, and, while suiting the children's voices at first designed, leaves B flat major in reserve for the final, romantic, unison conclusion, with higher octaves and held notes to bring the pounding last strophe to a state of poise, thus letting in the original *ritornello*; the third irons out tumultuously the melody of which two strophes have been heard earlier in a plastic version for solo-voice.

Ex. 2 Allegro
Mrs. Quickly

Sigh no more, la - dies, la - dies, sigh no more, Men were do

cel - vers e - ver, do - cel - vers e - ver

Moderato

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee, Our love and toil in the years to be

Allegro maestoso

Ring out ye crys - tal spheres, Once bless our hu - man ears

The use of music at the Three Choirs Festival, and at many seriously commemorative or conclusive concerts in schools and other communities, has promoted a demand in England for ethically dedicated music, extending from "Jerusalem" and "Blest pair of Sirens". It degenerates easily into the pretentious or pedestrian, or the too consciously civic and redemptive, like Ireland's "These things shall be"; into dedicated egoism. But Vaughan Williams' mastery of the moment in its context, and avoidance of the orotund, has usually silenced such criticism. No one else could have made "Thanks-giving for Victory" (1945) the fresh conception which it remains (Ex. 2B). Unrepeatable now, it claims some renewal of text. In this and many other works, melody and speech-song have been a vital concern.

From this steady search for more or less strophical tunes for texts, the constant emergence of tunes *per se* is not surprising. In the following three, the first is thrown off as a descendant to a ground bass, but assumes priority later; the second achieves breadth for a reprise of arresting tranquillity, after wayward presentation and blunt development; the third, on the contrary, is the basic theme of man's resistance to the great barriers, originally planned as a challenge to visible antarctic terrors, but in the seventh Symphony associated, too, with the endurance of more general ordeals. In all these contexts, the

Ex. 3 *Moderato*
♯ Viol. cant.

A

Tranquillo

B

First Violins (G string)
 Second Violins (D string)
 Violas, Violoncelli

Andante maestoso
♯ dolce

C

Tr. Ob. Trb.
 add Fl. Va. Vc.

melody is organic, not intrusive. It is the complete strophe needed for plain repetition in its context, or the spontaneous touch after an argumentative stage, or the broad line which holds a diffuse impressionism in place.

Alternatively, the call was for melodic type, not melodic character, and so for the exploitation of interval. Here, we may trace the expansion of vocal lines, in which the compression into a small space of leaps, usually taken singly, enhances the sense of travel towards wider stretches of intonation and quasi-intonation, or increasingly non-diatonic figures. As the dominant line becomes more and more angular, the bass and inner parts move with like tortuosity, or sometimes it is the bass which subverts everything. In the fourth Symphony, one pathologically excursive clue-theme soon reaches its limit. The examples here are all accumulations of rising or falling fourths.

Ex. 4

The musical score for Ex. 4 is arranged in five systems. The first system shows a vocal melody (A) in 3/4 time with the lyrics "On Wen-lock Edge the wood's in trou-ble". The second system features a tuba and bassoons part (B) in 3/4 time, marked *Quasi meno mosso* and *f pesante*. The third system shows a piano part (C) in 3/4 time, marked *Presto*, with parts for Clarinets and Bassoons. The fourth system features a woodwind part (D) in 3/4 time, marked *Andante con moto*, with parts for Wood, Horns, and Trb. The fifth system features a brass part (E) in 3/4 time, marked *Allegro*, with parts for Brass and Cymbal/Timpani roll.

On Wen-lock Edge the wood's in trou-ble

Quasi meno mosso
Tuba & Bassoons
f pesante

Presto Clarinets
Bassoons

Andante con moto
Wood, Horns, Trb. *f*

Allegro
Brass *f* Cymb. Timp. roll

The listener has thus moved towards, or up to the neck in, pronounced harmony, taking for granted the many straightforward but refreshing and characteristic progressions, by which phrases are sweetened without cloying, and salted without bitterness; for example, the announcement of "Token of all brave sailors" (*A Sea Symphony*), the Tallis Fantasia *passim*, the Sarabande in *Job*. It may first be observed what Vaughan Williams could do with a somewhat deviationist pedal, so simple as to look obvious, yet entailing a subtle decision of when and how much to deviate. A visible dramatic scene is not only stimulating but may prove essential. The leaping embodiment of the supreme and potent Deviationist himself, on the stage, may secure a steady wrench from the diatonic, not otherwise quite tolerable to the ear. Similarly, in *Riders to the Sea*, the shuddering of the agonized mother, terrified for her son's damnation, sanctions the prevailing, unresolved antinomy till the moment of "redemption".

These are brief cross-sections of harmonic progress in the period where repudiation of style is most shattering to the listener who is accustomed to taking a composer's harmonic norm for granted, consciously or unconsciously.

Ex. 5 *Moderato maestoso*

A *Violins*
Trombones *pp*
Tuba, Tr. *Bassoon, Clarinet*

B *Presto*
Viol.(pizz.), Wood, Br., Xyl.
Str. & Bassoons *p*

C *Lento*
Strings *p cantabile*
pp *ppp*

They must be taken as representing the spadework, the quick decisions, the revised intentions, by which, throughout his main career, Vaughan Williams has ensured the underlying purity of his appeal; something healthy and antiseptic, liable to monotony, perhaps, but avoiding the wayward lapses of Elgar into triteness, and Sibelius' queer fits of "Tchaikovsky" slush. At their various stages, these harmonic progressions have made the greater part both of the raw material and of the reinforcements, to unite which has been the main structural task. Incidentally, they constitute one of the chief expressive elements which the composer has steadily delighted to ignore in his programme-notes, by the citation of lines which mean little more than tags and gobbets. Beethoven's symphonies have been almost as bluntly reduced to a handful of "themes". Yet in Beethoven such themes are basic, and between them suggest the symphony. Ex. 5C, above, the later stage in the translation of a defiant theme in the first movement, would be nothing as a mere top line.

The typical and unprecedented exploitation of texts has been mentioned earlier. To this must be added the wary choice of text or texts. First, after a stage of D. G. Rossetti (the "House of Life" set and "Willow Wood"), select pieces of Whitman, as containing a ready procession of naturalistic or fanciful images, which are yet dry and colloquial enough to admit musical flow as a catalyst; also, a maker of heroic, idealist poetry, looking out into a receding horizon and *semper niente*. Then, the satisfaction of local need, generalized without losing native quality (*Benedicite* etc.), or uproariously and subtly witty by turns to suit a virtuoso festival choir (*Tudor Portraits*), or resourcefully native and familiar for united WIs (*The Four Seasons*). So to the

exposure of world-guilt (*Dona nobis pacem*) in a seesaw of changing texts which swings with unconvincing suddenness to optimism towards the end, and to the direct affirmation of conviction in a grey world in *Sancta Civitas*, "Thanksgiving for Victory", the mystical-poetic-romantic *Hodie*. There is a surround of short but often memorable pieces, one of which, "The passing of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth" (voices only), was an extraordinary omission from the Commemoration at Westminster Abbey. Then, there is the somewhat peculiar sequence of the stage music: for Hugh, the noble vagabond, Sir John Falstaff, the magician foiled by young love, the distracted Irish mother, and Mr. Valiant-for-Truth; and, apart, for Blake's Job. Finally, one cannot ignore Housman's figures of resolution and independence, as assembled in "On Wenlock Edge", at once the attraction and the snare of the "literary" composer.

Together, these make something of a monument of discipline. There are the general questions of knocking words and drama and music together, and the special problems of different literary styles, but also of light or emphatic evocation of the appropriate epic or affirmative tone, right for the text and right for the music. There has always been a danger, especially in England, that music would suffer from an ear too close to the text; but no concern for the dynamic significance of a text will mar the work of a composer who remembers that he is first a musician. Again, it is not necessary for music to carry a religious message to be great, but no great music has suffered from being religious, or, as in the probable case of Beethoven, from dealing with a religious ritual profession with imagination. So with a dramatic context.

This, then was the kind of technical preparation by which Vaughan Williams' works were conditioned in turn, before they burst forth, and after the observation of which, with many other recurrent features, one can best recall the positive stages of development. Let us consider first the choral works, ranging from the works for the local trained choir (or united choirs) to the more virtuoso compositions, yet standing together as concert-works with texts, for soloists, chorus and orchestra on a pronounced scale. *A Sea Symphony* ("the floodtide of his inventiveness", as H. C. Colles summarized it to me in 1936) claims notice here. Thirty years ago, the composer professed a rather dim view of the Symphony as, for him, past history. He refused, for example, an invitation to conduct the work (in a frontier city of the Commonwealth), in favour of *Sancta Civitas*. Moreover, it must be admitted that the spiritual climate has dated. It is not easy to enter into the hortatory "Sail forth!" and so on, on either side of the platform. The Symphony is none the less a historical work, in its translation of a long conflation of texts into four movements of ultimately symphonic cohesion, with freedom of vocal expression unimpaired. The chorus and orchestra play into each other's hands, but the chorus, continuing the aim of Parry's "Prometheus unbound" but altogether resisting his confident drift from one truthful declamation to another, is far more than a resonance-factor. Assisted by the soloists, it imparts the right urge to each episode, so that it keeps in the orbit of the movement.

Long in writing by the official figures (1903-10), the style of the Symphony develops noticeably in the last movement, where development is stretched to the limit before being absorbed in a bare reprise of key and clue-theme. Yet this final and refreshingly unclimactic moment is still intensely moving in its rapt style, and it completes a rich and original structure as nothing else could have done. The work is not the Must that it once was, but it cannot be ignored. In a sense, it was the precedent for Holst's ambitiously titled "First Choral Symphony"; but that virtuoso production suffers from its choice of text, or at least from being a too fanciful addition to it. In another sense, *A Sea Symphony* prepared the mind for other journeys toward the unknown region, *The Pilgrim's Progress* and "Sinfonia antarctica". There can never have been any doubt, by that time, whether these works would end with increasing or diminishing tone!

Of post-1919 choral works—for inevitably the pursuit of text links the Symphony with other large and coherent choral works, more than the four movements link it with the later symphonies—*Sancta Civitas* was the most striking, and it remained the composer's finest achievement with chorus, and, I have always understood, his favourite. The choral energy and declamatory fervour of *A Sea Symphony*, the blend of fresh elementary progressions on the lines of the earlier Mass in G minor with drifting sonorities in oscillating modes and uncompromising, clutching discords, and many revelations of rhythm, are some of the striking features. They are pressed into service to match the whirling visions and imperative tone of the text, speaking as though from a crisis. A minor twist of the original sense (verses from *Revelation* 19, 18, 21-22) secures a practical musical design, and while the underlying musical logic is seldom on the surface, there is a continual convergence of absorbing factors of unity: the initial conflation of 2-4-6-7 harmony and of a taut #5-7 (taut enough to bear the main thrust of canon and tremendous resonance in the later intimations of transcendent glory), the melodic ascent of a fourth by step or by second with third, the distant trumpet-and-choir motive, reverberations of ascending second and third in the elusive "new heaven" section, and, with a complete lack of accepted cadence, a firm relationship of key-bass, with E and A flat as prime accessories to a pronounced basic C. By an unusual concentration, the short successive movements suggest a symphony, with an obvious return to the initial evocation at the end. The whole work is riveted with that sense of personal conviction which no sympathetic performing body or audience could miss. (See p. 298.)

The broader, looser *Benedicite* is also tougher in quality than it looks from its sociable sequence of short sections, as its anything but tame appearance at the Queen's Hall, at the end of the 1931 I.S.C.M. festival, demonstrated. However, its polymodal D major, of jostling 6/4 and 3/2 metres and plastic interludes, is the natural product of a full mind and experienced choral writing, not pioneer work; and *a fortiori* the later and mellifluous "Serenade to music" broke no fresh ice. *Magnificat*, rendered as a dialogue, is a document in expectancy, persuasive on the right occasion. *Dona nobis pacem* shapes an urgent cry for reconciliation (1936) with vigorous resource, supported perhaps

Ex. 6 DIST. CHOIR
Lento Lord our God

Poco animato
SEMI CHORUS
- migh ty Al - migh - ty

CH. (SOP. & TEN.) Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, thy

Allegro
CHORUS And his eyes were as a flame of fire *miser triads, the rest being major

Largo
S.A. And the Ci - ty had no need of the sun

by a rough experience of modern war from the inside, but the component parts seem too often to detach themselves from the central motive, and the drop into the final Christmas resolution is altogether too facile. An exceptionally vivid performance might rise above the noble intentions of this undatable tract. The recent *Hodie*, spare in structure, ranges from ecstatic "Nowell" figures and lighter strophes to severe intimations of "Emmanuel", from the last of which two resounding strophes emerge, to celebrate truth and justice (Ex. 2C). Linking movements of varied emphasis and contrast contrive to

Ex. 7 Moderato
Em - man - u - el

Wood & Str.

Brass

God with us

produce a singularly satisfying and compact Gospel-work. It is no less than that, as the epilogue makes clear. The exuberant ecstasy of the music enhances the appeal to the conscience of man to make This Day a real Christmas Day for the world.

The flow was not confined. After *Sancta Civitas* came *Flos Campi*, and *Five Tudor Portraits* appeared in the same week as *Dona nobis pacem*. The "tune for Tertis", with wordless chorus, remains one of the composer's most thorough-going pursuits of sheer sonority, renouncing choral annunciation in the restless "lily among the thorns" opening and five other brief sections, the last so surprisingly consolatory as to be almost escapist. Was this, then, the

Ex. 8 *Moderato alla Marcia*

Andante quasi lento

terminus of the Vaughan Williams style? The *Tudor Portraits*, exploiting motley figures in rollicking tones, disposed of that myth, although no. 4, a child's lament for her pet sparrow, is a long and fanciful piece of imagery. The whole suite marks a surprising turn of thought for the composer, but he has made Skelton's blend of tenderness and ribaldry his own. I find nos. 3 and 5 less interesting musically than the rest.

All in all, it may be assumed that Vaughan Williams obtained, by his choice of these and other texts, the balance that he was seeking between the doctrinal, the humanist and the noncommittal, and that he resorted to texts when he needed them, not just by invitation. It may also be assumed, since only a philanthropist could write an English opera, that he turned similarly to operatic texts in search of fresh musical copy. His achievements must be bluntly summarized here as controversial. Only the one-act *Riders to the Sea* is a striking addition to his output. There is much that is vivid and meaningful in the early *Hugh the Drover* and, in a maturer style, in *Sir John in love*—each has been rendered into a short choral cantata to some purpose and much social advantage—yet neither "book" seems to have opened a thoroughly new vein of musical thought at the time, or to have established Vaughan Williams' mastery of the operatic moment. We find, rather, pictures of a bygone, full-blooded social England. *The poisoned kiss* is an engaging escape into farcical rationalism, at musically ground level. Within its chosen subject and steadily followed text (Synge), *Riders to the Sea* is a penetrating and neglected study of a woman tormented by religious concerns over her son's death till she finds release from her troubles. Oddly enough, it is just this essential

sense of crisis whose thin or spasmodic expression in *The Pilgrim's Progress* deprives the plain, transcendent phrases of the necessary point, impressive as they are in a simple way.

A comparison with the ballet, *Job*, supports these criticisms. Here man's struggle with his evil nature, dramatized after Blake's illustrations, is directly conceived in terms of contrasted rhythms, melodies and harmonic progressions (Ex. 4D, 5B). What may appear arbitrarily episodic in the sheer music is quite satisfactory as a stage interlude. The now familiar ten movements thus embrace an amazing range without confusion. The truer the music appears as a symbol of the perpetual human struggle, the more firmly the whole suite coheres in the memory, lit by its stage context. It represents the composer's greatest advance into fresh and untilled fields, styled "masque" to appear different.

The eight orchestral symphonies, however, reveal on the widest scale the remarkable coverage of Vaughan Williams' spurts forward along his course. Some common features persist or arise: a recognizable set of four movements, cyclic trends in nos. 2, 4 and 9, and a tendency towards a conclusion by means of an epilogue transcending or even replacing the "finale", in matter or spirit, in nos. 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7 (the entire last movement). Otherwise the four-movement convention is used as a working accommodation for the communication of a variable pattern of moods or of modes of thought. *A London Symphony* builds a conglomerate edifice of sound, in which the startling range of character and humour is clearly to be referred, in part, to the mutual and defiant impact of determination, gaiety and brooding fancy in the city that has always carried on. The Symphony's consistent style remains, and the structure bears the closest scrutiny, from the at first shadowy reprise of the first movement (which the composer considered binary, not ternary) to the troubled restatement of the last, absorbed in an epilogue. Certain relentless features of the finale seem now to anticipate a later fury. However, the *Pastoral* Symphony specializes in brooding fancy, first and last. (It is "pastoral" because it is contemplative: there is no evidence of any programme.) Certain features invite comment: the leisurely *tempo* of three movements out of four, with "cadenza" elements twice; the melodic movement round basic intervals, rather than line; the constant weaving of basic or contrapuntal lines, some four notes deep and chromatically so; and the resultant repudiation of classical conceptions of distinctly complementary motive, mood and movement. Balancing textures, and the pursuit of sonorities, are paramount. Wordless plainsong, *niente*, is the final symbol of a general strain against symphonic movement.

Yet the singular and refreshing beauty of the Symphony concerns the total impact, not merely the absorbing moment (e.g. Ex. 5A). After trial and error (over speeds) in public performances, the composer admitted that the Symphony was "not so boring" as he had thought. However unliteral, the comment is a poignant reflection of the sometimes unsociable discipline of the creative life. The call to extended rhapsody continued in *Flos Campi*, and in *Sancta Civitas* in part. Then *Job* revealed a patent reaction, holding sonority

at arm's length and pressing on to a more penetrating harmonic rhythm (Ex. 4D, 5B). The since neglected piano Concerto also displayed an eloquent transfiguring energy. A siren had been bound and left behind.

The iron grip of no. 4 in F minor, however, was a complete shock to the most faithful listeners. Here every conceivable symbol of ruthlessness thrusts against, or diabolically exhibits only to mock, any appearance of lyrical feeling, or of release from strain. A second subject may hint at release on the surface, but its background is "hostile", and restatement is at once encumbered (9A), or its already chromatic-Lydian line is distorted rhythmically, or placed on the rack by a clue-theme in counterpoint (9B, 9C). Thus the transformation of the D major theme (8 in the score) in a quiet, decently *niente* coda in

Ex. 9 *Meno mosso*

Viol. & Wood
f appass.

Horns Tr. & Trb. *f appass.*

Str. & Wood *f appass.*

Allegro molto
f marc.
Viol. Wood

Con anima Viol. Wood
f marc.
Str. H. C. a.

D flat, is wishful thinking, pathetically conclusive and inconclusive, while its revival later, in a solitary, almost blissful sensation of strings alone, is the merest interlude (Ex. 5C). So with the illusory, harmonically qualified calm of the *Andante*, and the humour of the sorcerer's fiendishly competent apprentice in the scherzo, with grotesque trio (4B). The grinding discords which seem to take the listener very near some precipice in the fifteenth bar of the Symphony (4E) are a foretaste of the "appalling frankness" that prevails.

The musician's triumph is that this tragic plundering of melody and rhythm, by the composer of *Job*, justifies itself by its own inexorable logic of theme and predominantly brass texture. The contemplative becomes inescapably irrelevant, and the note which "looks wrong and sounds wrong but is right" (R.V.W.) is faithful to the context. The Symphony ends true to itself. It is also true to the depths of an idealist's social conscience. This is no orgy of thugs for promotion's sake. Begun in 1931, the Symphony was

prophetic; as completed in 1935, it was overwhelmingly contemporary, however little recognized as such, and so it remains.²

After this document in a doubly significant audacity of expression—unusual in a composer turned sixty, and intolerably individualistic had it appeared in Germany or Russia at the time—it might be wondered what would follow, especially as announced in 1943, darkest of years. No. 5 in D proved to be almost as pronounced a reaction towards tranquillity of style, with



lingering prospects and retrospects in plenitude, but with greater melodic distinctiveness than in the *Pastoral*. The structurally intricate slow movement (Ex. 10), afterwards associated with the removal of Pilgrim's burden in the *House Beautiful* but absolutely in place here, shows a typical relation, in one sense, to its analogue in the *London*: it is emotionally simpler, while being more resourceful technically. The whole Symphony carries, with a new serenity, a certain limitation of expressive purpose in each movement, with rhapsodic contrasts or very spare developments as the chief variants.

Precedent thus established for a prevailing *Sturm* and compression or *Pastoral* and amplitude, no. 6 in E minor, continuous in sound, came heavily on the side of no. 4 for the most part. Once more, the final release of the first restatement (Ex. 3B), a flash of that "master-light of all our seeing" which the composer has so constantly sought in sheer melody, is a passing vision, as the intrusive trumpets haste to reveal. The ensuing ominous march leaves the listener thrust down beneath the chariot-wheel, and the scherzo [*sic*], portentously incisive to the end, proves the grimmest spiritual game ever.



The renunciation of the mysterious finale must equally be a portent. Of what philosophy, the composer does not relate. Since no structural deviation

² "Boisterous finale" (Richard Capell), "the new freedom of mood" (*The Times*), are typical of the confusion over that first impact. I make no pretence to have been wiser at the time. Everyone of sense recognized the growing menace of Fascist Europe, but such writing-on-the-wall music was quite unexpected.

could be less socially rewarding, one is conscious of a fresh command to the spirit, of an ultimate dilemma to be lived with; something of which the romantic movement could not conceive as a conclusion. The vagueness, both of sheer content (*Ricercar* and all) and of general relevance, still finds one listener baffled, in the search for the symphonic touch which alone can integrate the movement with its predecessors.³

The addition of three more symphonies, on top of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Hodie* and *Epithalamion*, has retained something of the Marathon touch, although a loosening of symphonic effort is discernible. That habit of creative adaptation which sometimes furthered the art of J. S. Bach and Berlioz prompted Vaughan Williams to re-render some of the material (mainly the recurrent theme) of the "Scott of the Antarctic" film-music in the five movements of a Symphony in G, as a token, aided by literary quotations, of man's death-struggle against wildest nature, whose victory over the human spirit would be the supreme blasphemy (the organ again, as in *Job*). The magnificent theme for Shelley's Prometheus (Ex. 3C) is thus finally attached to Scott's last testament of resolution affirmed, with poetically descriptive intervening movements. The upshot is (in blunt terms again) a "fantastic" sequence of movements, somewhat capriciously inserted into a prelude-to-epilogue scheme, and scarcely coherent, in spite of unforgettable moments of terror, triumph and piquant naturalism. The search for exotic colour seems to have given the composer a jog towards the symphonising of the vibraphone and other "unsymphonic" elements in no. 8 in D minor. After a constructive first movement, treating mainly formal material in an original way, a brilliant scherzo-march for wind evokes a subdued and rather familiar "Cavatina" (mock titular homage to Raff by one who could play his) for strings, which in turn prepares for the abandon of the finale. The last is noisily jaunty with only slight qualification midway, but, if it is so far monotonous, it is in keeping with the general mood and matter. The Symphony claims no laurels, but remains a distinct adjunct to the repertory.

The first movement of no. 9 in E minor is the most distinctive in theme and shape. The "barbaric" and like contrasts to the flügelhorn tune of the second sound too facile and diversionary, and the overt percussiveness and fierce fugue of the scherzo are easily exhausted in a hearing or two. The temperamental entries of theme in the final blend of two movements leave a somewhat confused impression, apart from the obvious cyclic aspects. The composer invites audiences to grow old with him, taking four-plus independent movements to add up to symphony. There is no suggestion of no. 9 assuming any traditional priority to nos. 6-8.

Throughout there has been a testimony of resolution and independence, matching displays of human character and reaching out, with a compulsiveness far beyond a mere talent for invention, to a fresh spurt of technique, of textural

³ Longer studies of the fifth and sixth symphonies may be found in this journal, VI.1 (1945) and IX.4 (1948). The latter contains also a useful "Note" on the composer's melodic trends by Mr. Robin Hawthorne. All the symphonies have been recorded (LP) under Boult.

discovery or structural riveting. There has been no precedent for this constant shedding of old or recent habits of thought in an intermittent but personally continuous flow of creative activity. There lies the true absence of available category, which Vaughan Williams shares with the original minds of music, whether prolific or restrained in their output. No follower himself, his mantle will fall on no obvious successor, but his influence will rouse the most accomplished composer to go into training again.

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"Unfortunately not by me"

(Musical Spuriousities)

BY

OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH

WHEN Frau Adele Strauss, wife of the "Waltz-King", asked Johannes Brahms to write something on her autograph fan, he inscribed there the opening bars of the *Blue Danube* Waltz, wrote underneath the words "Unfortunately not by me!", and added his name. The words were not only a witty comment, but also indicative of a serious composer's regard for one of the light-hearted sort. Many a composer, to whom a famous piece of music has been wrongly ascribed, might well have written beneath it words similar to those of Brahms, had they occurred to him. Most of the ascriptions, of course, did not arise until after the deaths of these composers; for example, numerous spurious compositions were printed under Mozart's name soon after 1791, although they never became famous.

The first musical spuriousity of any importance, originally written in 1700, was not misattributed until towards the end of the nineteenth century. It is the so-called "Trumpet Voluntary", which, under the name of Henry Purcell, has become popular in England for "Pomp and Circumstance", and, since its use by the BBC during the last war as a signature tune, world famous as well. As early as the beginning of the war Donald R. Wakeling had established that this piece of music was by a lesser contemporary of the great Purcell, one Jeremiah Clarke. It first appeared in the "Choice Collection of Ayres for the Harpsichord or Spinet" under the title: "The Prince of Denmark's March", in honour of George, the Prince Consort of Queen Anne. It is an undoubted masterpiece, even if not by a great master. Although the March was perhaps composed originally for orchestra, only the arrangement for harpsichord was printed in Clarke's day. Not until 1878, almost two hundred years later, was the March resuscitated; it appeared, with slight ornamental variants, as a piece for the organ, edited by Sir William Spark, with the comment: "Arranged from an old manuscript in the editor's possession". This was discovered by Charles L. Cudworth and discussed by him in 1953 in *The Musical Times*. While Clarke's original piece had long since been forgotten, Spark's anonymous arrangement quickly became popular, especially in Sir Henry Wood's orchestral arrangement, which was recorded by the Hallé orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty. Wood may have received the piece under the false ascription to Purcell before he orchestrated it. In any case it has been known for decades as "Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary". The name must surely signify a trumpet stop on the organ, not a solo trumpet. As a final possibility it should be mentioned that Jeremiah Clarke may have simply arranged a popular tune, which Prince George liked, for the harpsichord.

One example, which is only indirectly associated with the name of a great master, is the arrangement for piano by Johann Sebastian Bach, of 16 violin concertos, all, a hundred years ago, ascribed to Vivaldi. Arnold Schering discovered that several of these concertos are by Marcello, Telemann and Johann Ernst, Duke of Saxe-Weimar; five more have not yet been identified.

Another example, which concerns Bach himself, is the ascription to him of four cantatas which Alfred Dürr first recognized a few years ago as compositions of Telemann. Among them is the cantata "I know that my Redeemer liveth", on the text made famous through Handel's *Messiah*.

Two notable pieces of music, ascribed to Haydn, have in recent years been recognized as compositions by contemporaries of the master. First, there is a wind band *divertimento* in B flat major, ostensibly written by Haydn c. 1785 for the military band of Prince Esterházy and first printed in 1932. In the second movement of this wind band *divertimento*, a set of variations, the magnificent "St. Anthony Chorale" is quoted, supposed to be an Austrian Pilgrims' Hymn. The meritorious Haydn biographer, C. F. Pohl, showed Brahms in 1870 a copy of this work, which he had found in the library of the "Gymnasium" at Zittau, near Leipzig: it is one of six wind band *divertimenti* which are ascribed to Haydn in the library, all written in a copyist's hand. There are, of course, in monastery libraries, dozens of symphonies and other works carrying false names. Brahms was so taken with the chorale that he used it in 1873 as the theme of his celebrated orchestral variations "on a theme of Haydn". Mr. H. C. Robbins Landon, one of the editors of the new *Gesamtausgabe* of Haydn's works, has discovered that the Zittau *divertimenti* have nothing to do with Haydn; they may be by one of Haydn's pupils, such as Ignaz Pleyel. In England it has been suggested that the Brahms composition be called "Variations on the St. Anthony Chorale". If Pleyel really is the composer of those six *Divertimenti* (and this is purely conjecture), he had his revenge on Haydn some years later: about 1789 an English publisher issued five undubitably genuine piano Sonatas by Haydn under Pleyel's name: one of them had been announced by Breitkopf in 1763, when Pleyel was six years old, and so there is no doubt that they are authentic Haydn, and not Pleyel.

The other spurious Haydn work is the so-called "Toy" Symphony, supposed to have been written in 1788, for two violins, bass and seven toy instruments, which were manufactured in those days at Berchtesgaden. Under the name of a "Berchtesgaden" Symphony the cheerful little piece was performed in April, 1791, in Schikaneder's "Freihaus Theatre", the cradle of Mozart's *Magic Flute*; it was given under Haydn's name, who was then, in fact, staying in London for the first time. As far as we know Haydn made no protest about this, and soon after his death the work was printed in Leipzig as one of his compositions. It is to-day still a favourite amongst musical jokes, like Mozart's genuine *Musikalischer Spass*, and has often been performed by serious professional musicians on special occasions. A few years ago Dr. Ernst Fritz Schmid, the general editor of the new Mozart Edition, established from several old copies of the work that it is by Leopold Mozart. It might be

mentioned here perhaps that the much disputed cello concerto by Haydn, for a long time attributed to his pupil Anton Kraft, has at last been proved authentic: Haydn's autograph score, lost for almost a hundred years, is now lodged in the Vienna National Library. In the last years of his life, incidentally, Haydn was in no condition to establish whether works attributed to him were, in fact, his or not. The catalogue which Haydn's factotum Johann Elssler wrote under his direction should, wherever possible, resolve just such difficulties.

The fourth spuriosity of significance is the *Wiegenlied* ("Cradle Song") attributed to Mozart. We first hear of it in a letter written by Mozart's widow in 1825 from Salzburg to the publisher Johann Anton André in Offenbach a/M. Frau Konstanze Mozart, who had sold in 1800 the essential part of the composer's posthumous works to this publisher, married again in 1809. Her husband, Georg Nikolaus Nissen, who had been a boarder in her flat, was the Secretary of the Danish Legation. Shortly after the marriage they went to live in Copenhagen, staying there for ten years before they finally settled in Salzburg in 1820, in order to prepare the first substantial biography of Mozart. This is why she wrote to André in 1825, telling him that a *Wiegenlied*, well known in Salzburg, was ascribed to Mozart, although his sister ("Nannerl"), living there, knew nothing of it. Later it was published, in 1828, after Nissen's death, as a supplement to his Mozart biography, and has become so beloved all over the world, that Mozart's finest song, *Das Veilchen*, to Goethe's poem has actually been put in the shade by it. Max Friedlaender, the great historian of German song in the eighteenth century, established a long time ago that the text of this *Wiegenlied* was written by Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter, the music by Bernhard Flies, a Berlin amateur musician, who published the song himself about 1795. In spite of that it is almost always brought forward to-day as a song of Mozart's. Of all the many spurious Mozart pieces, this *Wiegenlied* is apparently the best, at least the most successful.

At this point a small digression may be made. The British Museum acquired in 1880 a series of piano pieces in manuscript, which were about a hundred years old. It appears that the Emperor Franz Joseph gave them to the Sultan Abdul Aziz when he visited Vienna in 1867, believing them to be Mozart autographs; and that soon afterwards the Sultan handed them over to his music director, from whose son they were purchased by Julian Marshall, a cultured English collector. Köchel, the Mozart expert, had seen them in Constantinople in 1873, and the British Museum had no hesitation in considering them to be genuine. Then Count Saint-Foix, a later Mozart expert, published these pieces as *juvenilia* of Beethoven. Some of the works became so popular that they were published in arrangements for other instruments and recorded for the gramophone. Fritz Kreisler also believed in Beethoven's authorship and helped to popularize these pieces. Not until some ten years ago was it discovered, in the University Library, Cambridge, that three of the five pieces had been copied from a piano arrangement of a ballet by Leopold Kozeluch, which had been successful in Vienna in 1794. It is understandable that the authenticity of the other two pieces, a PF. Trio

and a "Rondo" for PF. Solo, is now doubted: they are probably neither by Mozart nor by Beethoven. The very amusing history of this complicated business was published in 1945 in the quarterly *Music and Letters*, and the involved correspondence which followed belongs, with one exception, to my happiest professional memories: the exception is a Schubert disclosure, the next musical spuriousity.

Before we discuss this, however, we might consider the case of one master's music being ascribed to another and that in the lifetime of both of them. Schubert published his first works in 1821, among them the two parts of op. 9, 36 "Original" Dances for piano. The second dance in the first part was entitled by the publisher *Trauer* Waltz and this became very popular—as it still is today. When Carl Czerny shortly afterwards published his "Variations on a favourite Viennese Waltz", Schubert's name was omitted. So it happened that this waltz was ascribed to Beethoven: he protested against the attribution in vain, although Schubert did nothing of the kind. The waltz was usually combined with a "Favorit" Waltz of Hummel, and in this apocryphal form called Beethoven's *Sehnsucht* Waltz; in 1826—long before *Lilac Time*—it was even fitted with words. Czerny, who is himself sometimes given as the composer of the *Trauer* Waltz, did add Schubert's name in later editions of his variations; even so they were still printed, fifty years after the first publication, with Beethoven's name as the author of the Waltz.

Now to consider Schubert as a victim of such a forgery. He was, as a matter of fact, not entirely guiltless in the matter, and the work in question cannot be called famous, although for some time it was very well liked and is still performed under his name. It is the so-called "Guitar" Quartet, for flute, guitar, viola and cello. The autograph, written in Schubert's hand and dated 26th February, 1814, was found in the attic of a house in Zell-am-See, in the Salzburg district. The house belonged to a married couple, the descendants of a family which appears to have been in touch with Schubert in Vienna. The couple promised themselves that with the money from the proceeds of a sale of the manuscript they would have enough to pay for their daughter's training in singing. Eventually they sold the piece for a good sum to a collector in Munich, and so it happened that the "Guitar" Quartet was published there in 1928, edited by the distinguished musicologist, Georg Kinsky. Since after 1918 there had been in Germany and Austria a recrudescence of interest in the guitar, with several periodicals devoted to it and numerous new editions of old guitar music, it was considered fortunate that a piece for the guitar, even a very early piece, by one of the great masters had turned up. It was widely performed, broadcast and recorded, and not only in German-speaking countries. When I was invited by Alfred Einstein to review Kinsky's edition in the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* I did not fail to express my doubts on the genuineness of the work, and declared confidently that it must be a "Guitar" Trio by Leonhard v. Call or Wenzel Matiegka, to which Schubert had simply added a cello part, before making a fair copy of the score. Both these guitar composers had published so many works in Vienna that some were bound to be missing there. After the publication of

the second edition of the "Guitar" Quartet under Schubert's name, Mr. Torwald Rischel of Copenhagen wrote to Kinsky: he owned the Viennese edition of a "Notturmo" by Matiegka, for flute, viola and guitar, which had been Schubert's source. The edition, which he showed to me in Copenhagen in 1936, and which, with his collection, he left to the Royal Library there, was published in 1807 by Artaria of Vienna; it was dedicated to that same Count Johann Esterházy, whose daughters, four years after the fair copy of the "Guitar" Quartet was made, became Schubert's pupils. It is worth mentioning that one of the movements of the "Guitar" Trio and Quartet contains variations on the serenade "Mädchen, o schlumm're noch nicht", a song composed in 1796 by Friedrich Fleischmann, sometimes ascribed to Haydn. This song in melody and rhythm recalls the *Wiegenlied* ("Schlafe mein Prinzchen") which we know to be spurious Mozart; spurious Schubert paired with spurious Mozart! The one lulls a boy to rest, the other rouses a girl from sleep!—It should be mentioned here that Schubert, at the end of 1812, two years before his arrangement of the "Guitar" Trio, copied out, with minor alterations, a comic vocal trio: Anton Fischer's *Die Advokaten*, and that he allowed it to be printed under his name in 1827. This occurrence is scarcely credible in view of the mass of his unprinted work at that time. Possibly one of his brothers or friends took this work to the publisher in good faith in order to raise funds for Schubert. Against this theory it must be said that the engraver used a second manuscript in Schubert's hand, of which three fragments are preserved to-day.

Of borrowings, as they were practised in the eighteenth century, and of plagiarisms, as they often occurred in the nineteenth century, we cannot speak here, but only of "ghosted" compositions, which led to plagiarisms tolerated by the victims. These works could be defined by words from Uhland's poem, *Der gute Kamerad*—"As if it were a piece by me". Mozart wrote a quantity of small works for his friend, Gottfried v. Jacquin, an amateur composer, who performed or published them under his own name. For the ailing Michael Haydn, Mozart wrote two Duos for violin and viola, as well as an introduction to a symphony. The *Requiem* also was written for Count Walsegg, so that he could have the work performed as his own—for payment, of course. Young Beethoven composed the music for a *Ritterballet* in the name of his patron at Bonn, Ferdinand, Count Waldstein. And Schubert wrote several pieces for his brother Ferdinand, a teacher in the Vienna Orphanage, so that he could pass them off as his own compositions; among them was a "German Requiem", which Ferdinand actually had printed in Schubert's lifetime.

Finally, I should like to speak of some topsy-turvy spuriocities, a kind of mystification which could be summed up under the title "Unfortunately by me!". Muzio Clementi published in 1805 a "Selection of Practical Harmony, for the Organ or Pianoforte. . . . By the most eminent composers". The four volumes of this work appeared from a London publishing house in which Clementi had shares. However, he could hardly enrol himself in a series of the most eminent composers, as the title proclaimed. So he ascribed the examples from his own work-shop to other composers, for instance, one piece,

entitled the "Voluntary and Fugue in G minor", to one G. Umstatt, of whom little is known. Florentin Zuccalmaglio published between 1838 and 1840 two volumes of "German Folksongs with the original airs"; they include several of his own songs, which were thus not folksongs at all, but which were accepted as such by Heine, Ludwig Erk and Brahms. The most interesting case of this kind is the successful hoax which Fritz Kreisler perpetrated on "Professionals and Amateurs", until, in 1935, on the occasion of his 60th birthday, he confessed his outrageous misdeed. Apparently he disliked the idea of advertising the small pieces in the last part of his concert programmes as his own, and so he attributed them to more or less well known composers of the eighteenth century, and actually published twelve such numbers under the title: "Classical Manuscripts", and critics and scholars—with one exception—noticed nothing. On the other hand, Kreisler boasted to Lochner, his biographer, that he had composed the song "Komm mit mir ins Chambre séparée" for Richard Heuberger's operetta *Der Opernball*, and increases our doubts by asserting that Hugo v. Hofmannsthal wrote the text for it on the same afternoon, in the Vienna Café Griensteidl. Kreisler also boasted that he had written the waltz for Delibes' ballet *Coppélia*; but this was performed five years before the ten-year old lad went to Paris to study for two years under Massart and Delibes. The composer's memory seems to be sometimes too good and sometimes too bad.

To return once again to the musical spuriousities: one cannot ignore the fact that music publishers obviously show more interest in doubtful, and even false, masterpieces, than in genuine ones. How otherwise can we understand why so many works by Haydn are still unprinted, and why the many works missing from the Beethoven *Gesamtausgabe* cannot be got together? It is not much better in the case of the gramophone companies; and there are even broadcasting companies which not only cling to the false specifications of the spurious works, but perform them rather than newly discovered masterpieces.

[Translated by Maurice J. E. Brown.]

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The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn:¹ Addenda and Corrigenda

BY

H. C. ROBBINS LANDON

Illustrations

Plate I (facing p. 16): penultimate line of caption should read "phonies: Nos. 24, 38, 36". Plate XVI: the original painting is now in the Pinakothek, Munich. Plates XXXIII and XXXIIIa: for "Grace" read "Crace". Plate XXXIX: another original drawing, from Dance's own Collection, was sold at Sothebys on 23rd January, 1957, and is now in the Vienna City Museum. The one reproduced in my book is now in the Royal College of Music, London. A third copy, used by Daniell for his engraving, is owned by Mr. Edward Croft-Murray, Richmond.

P. xvi: Under "Germany", penultimate line, first name should read "Dr. Johannes Maier".

P. 3: Lines 1 ff. and n. 5: This Symphony (App. II, 109) has been hitherto found only under Haydn's name, though it is quite clear that Haydn did not write it. Its attribution to Gyrowetz, however, is now strengthened (one might go so far as to say assured) by a new source which Mr. Fritz Kaiser discovered in the Zentral-Archiv des deutschen Ritterordens, Vienna. This institution owns an interesting thematic catalogue from the theatre in Freudenthal (Austrian Silesia, now Poland), entitled "Catalogue / des / Diverses Musiques". As the first of five Gyrowetz Symphonies, we find the G major work in question; the MS. parts are also still extant, though incomplete.

P. 10: Paragraph 3, line 2 should begin "fonien / Del Sig: Giuseppe Haydn . . .".

P. 12: N. 27, line 1, penultimate word should read "Compositionen".

P. 13: Line 10 should begin: "Schmidt", another composer entirely! . . .".

P. 14: Three lines from the bottom, read: "is inscribed 'C[hor] Mellic. 1781".

P. 18: List of operas: *Der Neue Krumme Teufel*, under References, delete "Dies, Griesinger", substitute: R. Haas, "Die Musik in der Wiener Stegreifkomödie" (*Studien zur Musikwissenschaft*, 1925). Libretto of this version in the Vienna Stadtbibliothek, 22200-A with the note: "NB. Die Musique sowohl von der Opera comique, / als auch der Pantomime ist componiret / von / Herrn Joseph Heyden [*sic*]". I suggest that *Der Krumme Teufel* is in fact identical with *Der Neue Krumme Teufel*. Incidentally, the work was performed at the Court Theatre in Donaueschingen during the season of 1778-1779; but it was given by strolling players, who presumably brought their music with them, for despite an intensive search through the whole musical archives at Donaueschingen, I could find no trace of the performance material.

P. 18: *La Canterina*—first performance in 1767.

P. 18: *Lo Speciale*—instead of "no overture" read "II, 10" (EK).

P. 18: *Le Pescatrici*—first performance in 1770.

P. 18: *Philemon und Baucis*, Part I (Vorspiel)—first performance Esterháza, 2nd September, 1773; Part II (actual *Singspiel*), ditto.

P. 18: For last opera in the list on p. 18, read "Hexenschabbas".

¹ London, 1955: Rockliff and Universal Edition; New York City, 1955: Macmillan.

P. 19: *Armida*—first performance Esterháza 1784 (autograph completed 1783).

P. 26: Meanwhile, another copy of the A major Symphony under Ordoñez' name has been located, in the Fürstenberg Archives at Donaueschingen. The copy, in which there are no wind parts, is very early.

P. 28: Add to list of autographs at top of page: 92 PNat (rediscovered in 1956).

P. 34: Add No. 64 ——— ? ——— Frankfurt/M., Stadtbibliothek. This source, with the Esterházy watermarks of a jumping stag and the letters "IGW", is part of the long-lost "Frankfurt-Sammlung" (see p. 48), which my colleague Ewald Lassen has recently discovered.

P. 35: Add Nos. 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103, 104—MS. parts by Johann Elsler and another copyist (Joseph, Jr.), corrected by Haydn. These parts, which except for the autographs are the most important sources for the Salomon Symphonies thus far discovered, will be discussed in more detail *infra*. Donaueschingen, Fürstlich Fürstenbergisches Hofarchiv.

P. 36: Franz Bernhard, Ritter von Kees (1720–1795) lies buried in the Parish churchyard at Brunn (Maria-Enzersdorf), near Mödling bei Wien.

P. 38: Add to bottom of last paragraph before list: Subsequently three more Symphonies (Nos. 6–8) from this collection were located in the Monastery of St. Peter, Salzburg: how they came to the Monastery is a complete mystery. No. 6 = Sinfonia LXXX; No. 7 = Sinfonia LXXXI; No. 8 = Sinfonia LXXXII.

P. 41: First paragraph, five lines from bottom ("Glöggel's name appears only on one . . .") should read: "Glöggel's name appears on three Symphonies (Nos. 52, 60 and 65), and he obviously owned No. 63 as well, though he did not sign it. Franz Xaver Glöggel (1764–1839), Johann's son, was in correspondence with Haydn."

P. 48: N. 42 must be changed in view of the rediscovery of Symphony No. 92's autograph (1789), which is also dedicated to the Comte d'Ogny.

P. 49: Line 1: Krummau is "eský Krumlov; Kromericez (line 2) is Kroměříž.

P. 52: Paragraph 2: The Sieber correspondence has now been recovered; it will be printed in my forthcoming *Collected Edition of Haydn's Letters and London Notebooks*.

P. 52: Paragraph 4: The Monzani & Cimador edition of the London Symphonies is partly identical with that of André, partly with that of Simrock; Salomon may have supplied both André and Simrock with the music, or (and this is in my opinion more likely) he engraved the plates himself and gave Simrock and André the rights to use them. This theory would also explain why the German firms issued the works with plate numbers reading (in English) "Haydn's Symphonys" and "Salomon's Concert". For all the available information concerning the various editions of the London Symphonies, see Hoboken's Catalogue.

P. 66: Paragraph 2, line 2 add to list of Symphonies No. 65.

Pp. 100 ff.: In the Winter of 1957, Christopher Raeburn and I made an extended visit to the Fürstenberg Library at Donaueschingen. This was one of the few major libraries in Central Europe which I had not visited personally when preparing material for *The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn*, and as it turned out, mine was a grave error of omission. Before proceeding to the sources there, I would like to express my gratitude to His Highness, Prince Fürstenberg, for his kindness and hospitality, not only in allowing us the complete freedom of his magnificent library and music archives, but also for inviting us to stay at the Castle.

I made a complete thematic catalogue of all the instrumental music in the archives, as a result of which a number of doubtful Haydn works could be attributed to the correct author. The doubtful Symphonies will be listed below, as they appear in my book. Apart from the actual sources, Donaueschingen owns a valuable thematic catalogue of

1803-1804, and several other, non-thematic catalogues which are of the utmost importance: thus we learn that the Court Theatre had performance material for the Haydn *Singspiel*, *Philemon und Baucis* (originally a marionette opera), which was finally destroyed in the early nineteenth century when it was no longer in use. Donaueschingen also contains perhaps the largest extant library of late eighteenth-century wind band music. It turns out that the Octet in F major for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns and 2 bassoons (Hoboken II, F-7) is actually a *Parthia* by Wranitzky (either Anton or Paul, both of whom were active in Vienna during Haydn's lifetime), cat. Mus. Ms. 2062.

There are several concert (or rather "insertion") arias by Haydn which appear to be completely unknown: Mus. Ms. 646 is the score of a D major Soprano Aria, "Come se a voi parlasse"; it is signed at the end "artaria" (Haydn's publishing house) and is certainly genuine. Mus. Ms. 669 is a Soprano Aria in B flat, "Vada adagio, Signorina", in full score by Johann Elssler; Mus. Ms. 667, a *Recitativo e Rondo* "Se ti perdo" (principal key: B flat) with solo viola and *cor anglais*. Charles Mackerras had found this work at Donaueschingen the year before, and subsequently played it on the Third Programme. The MS. parts were written by three copyists, one of whom is the so-called "Kees Copyist" often referred to in my book; the source is Viennese in origin. But two factors suggest that—interesting though the piece is—Haydn is not the composer. The first is external: Haydn's name was added to the title page by the *Donaueschingen* copyist, and there is no trace of a composer at all on any of the original parts. The source must have been sent to Donaueschingen as anonymous. Apart from its anonymity, moreover, I do not find the work stylistically convincing. Mus. Ms. 668 contains the parts of Haydn's Soprano Aria, "Caro, e vero", which Breitkopf published in piano score. Apart from the Donaueschingen source (written by a local copyist on local paper, the watermarks of which include the Princely coat-of-arms), I know of no other extant set of the full orchestral material. Charles Mackerras also performed this work on the Third Programme. Mus. Ms. 646 is a Viennese copy of "Come lasciar potrei", a "Favorite Arias [sic] Del Sig^{re} Gius. Haydn 794 [1794]" in piano score. Before proceeding to the principal find at Donaueschingen, I should mention a series of Solfeggi for soprano and basso continuo, Viennese manuscripts which, though anonymous, would appear to be, both from outer as well as inner evidence, lost works by Mozart. I hope to present this evidence, and to publish the music itself, in a later issue of this journal.

The principal find at Donaueschingen, however, was the discovery of eleven of Haydn's twelve Salomon Symphonies in contemporary copies, almost entirely written by Johann Elssler and thoroughly corrected and revised by Haydn himself. The only non-authentic copy is that of the "Military" Symphony, which is written by a local (?) copyist on 4^o paper with the watermarks "SCHIED". Either the original copy was played so frequently that it had to be replaced, or Haydn did not supply the work (which is doubtful).

The other parts are written on several kinds of paper, partly Italian (i.e. copied in Vienna) and partly on dated English paper (watermarks *inter alia*: ornate crown with *fleur-de-lys* in coat-of-arms and G[eorge] R[ex]; *fleur-de-lys* over coat-of-arms in form of a lyre with the letter "W" and "J WHATMAN / 1794"; and "PORTAL & BRIDGES"—cf. *The Symphonies*, p. 614). The curious thing is that both the Italian and the British papers appear in the same Symphony. The first thought that came to mind—namely, that Haydn sent the works from England—therefore had to be discarded; for if that had been the case, naturally all the parts would have been written on English paper. The second theory would be that Haydn actually visited the Castle on his return to Vienna in the Summer of 1795: we know very little about Haydn's journeys to and from England, i.e. exactly which routes he took. While I was examining the MSS., Christopher Raeburn kindly went through every number of the local Donaueschingen *Wochenblatt* between July and December 1795: Haydn's visit would almost certainly have been mentioned in the paper. Although Mr. Raeburn found no mention of such a visit, he found another news item which, I believe, solves the origin of the London Symphonies at Donaueschingen. The *Wochenblatt* of 2nd December, 1795, includes the following:

Wien, den 19^{ten} November.

Des Prinzen Karls von Fürstenberg Durchlaucht sind den 12^{ten} dieses von Prag glücklich hier angekommen, den 15^{ten} und 16^{ten} bey den Kaiserlichen Ministern, und Botschaftern von des Herrn Landgrafen Joachim von Fürstenberg Excellenz aufgeführt, und als dessen künftiger Schwiegersohn vorgestellt worden.

Now the late London Symphonies were not yet known in Vienna, and on 18th December Haydn arranged a "grosse musikalische Akademie" in the Redoutensaal, at which Beethoven played one of his own piano concertos (probably No. 2), and Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 102-104 were first performed in Vienna. Is it not likely that Prince Karl heard the new works, and asked Haydn for copies of all twelve of the London Symphonies? Haydn, who probably guarded these works very carefully, had Elssler copy out some of the parts again; for the others he gave the Prince the actual parts he had brought back with him from London. It is therefore quite likely that these parts with the British watermarks were actually used in performances at the Hanover Square Rooms and King's Theatre under Haydn's personal direction.

A complete textual analysis of these new sources would require far more space than is at my disposal; when the Collected Edition of Haydn's music gets round to the London Symphonies, it is devoutly to be hoped that the editor will realize the unique significance of the Donaueschingen sources. A few points must suffice here. There was no room for the clarinet parts in the autographs of Symphonies Nos. 101 and 104; Haydn's own manuscript of No. 104's clarinet parts has survived; that of No. 101 has not, and it was not known whether the clarinets found in the early printed editions were genuine or whether they had been composed by one of André's or Hummel's hacks. The Donaueschingen copy of No. 101, however, includes the clarinet parts we knew from the early prints; and Haydn has given the parts his personal stamp of approval by adding a *fe* in Clarinet II towards the end of the Finale.

The additions which Haydn made mostly consist of dynamic marks and phrasing (even *staccati*, of which Haydn added a great many in the flute parts of No. 103's Finale). Here is a typical instance which shows that the parts often include important details missing in the autograph. The return to the recapitulation in the first movement of Symphony No. 102 is marked by a long timpani roll. I have frequently been called upon to supervise recordings of the London Symphonies, and I have always told conductors to make a *crescendo* through bars 225 and 226 (Eulenburg, p. 18) even though this marking is wanting in Haydn's autograph. The Donaueschingen timpani part, in Elssler's large, flowing hand, contains a long swell under these very two bars.

The reader is asked to bear these copies in mind when using Chapter IV, pp. 100 *ff.* and Appendix I, Nos. 93-104, for reference.

P. 130: Line 2, "anonymous volume": It turns out that the first part is a reprint of C. L. Junker's *Zwanzig Componisten*, Bern 1776; while the second part is a reprint of the same author's *Tonkunst*, Bern 1777.



P. 131: First paragraph, four lines from bottom, for "composed almost exactly" read "composed more than" (*cf. infra*).

P. 140: Three lines from bottom, read "No. 60 (1774)": *cf. infra*.

P. 145: Ex. 26a and 26b: Last note of 2nd bar a" (not g").

P. 145: The three "Quae metamorphosis" examples should read d' for the 4th note, not e'. Add the following sentence after the final example: "The penultimate note g is omitted completely, and this rule applies to all other cases". (Haydn thus explains in words that which he has shown in notes.)

P. 158: N. 35 should begin: "See, for example, Symphony No. 44/III (*Adagio*), meas. 37; the harmony . . .".

P. 159: First paragraph should end with following sentence: "One exception is No. 84/I, where *cp* is used as follows:  (meaning, of course,  as in the little example in Haydn's letter, quoted below on the same page).

- P. 159: N. 61: The letter is now owned by Mrs. Marguerite Manley, Scarsdale, New York, who kindly sent me a complete photostatic copy.
- P. 164: Line 5: For the last three words read "in such a manner".
- P. 165 (and *Errata*, p. 862): Delete *erratum*. One line is missing; between lines 3 and 4, add "at Ex. [51b], and imagine at the same time the notes of the upper part".
- P. 166: First paragraph, line 6, for "And in the least" read "last".
- P. 172: N. 4, lines 2/3 "the Swedish Dictionary of Music" is *Sohlman's Musik Lexikon*, Stockholm 1950.
- P. 176: Paragraph 2, penultimate line, read "Lukaveč".
- P. 189: Line 1: The Divertimento has also survived in Kroměříž; the library there kindly supplied a microfilm of the old parts.
- P. 189: Ex. 7, Fag. bar 7: Add quaver rest between 1st and 2nd notes.
- P. 190: Penultimate line: The Monastery of St. Peter, Salzburg, owns a set of anonymous MS. minuets (anonymous because the cover is no longer extant), scored for small orchestra; possibly they are by the local composer Anton Cajetan Adlgasser (1728-1777). In one of the trios, in G major, the composer uses the "Lamentatio" melody in the second violin.
- P. 214: No. 27, read "Sondheimer, Haydn, London 1951". At end of note, add: Dies undoubtedly took this idea from Gerber's "Haydn" article in his *Historisch-Biographisches Lexikon der Tonkünstler*, Leipzig 1790, p. 611, and Gerber in turn probably took it from the article on Haydn and other Austrian composers in the *Wiener Diarium* of 1766.
- P. 218: Line 6, read "60(1774)": cf. *infra*.
- P. 225: N. 35, line 2, after *Nepola* add "[Nespolá?]"
- P. 242: Last line: Symphony No. 98 is also missing in HV.
- P. 260: N. 22. At end of note, add: Symphony No. 28 also exists as a Baryton Trio: the MS. parts were formerly owned by Artaria & Co. in Vienna.
- P. 262: Paragraph 3, first sentence: Cf. the St. Peter Minuets (*supra*, p. 189), wherein the melody is allotted to the second violin.
- P. 265: First line after Ex. 23, read: "... Haydn wrote his *Capriccio* on the old folk-song ...".
- P. 266: Last paragraph, line 4 should begin: *Sinfonia di caccia*; line 5 should begin "in G and D, are expected ...".
- P. 272: Line 5, read "Prati" (not Proti), i.e. Alessio Prati; add correction to p. 857.
- P. 273: Line 11 should read: "1768"; the *Stabat Mater* (c. 1767) ... A hitherto unknown letter by Haydn to an official in the Esterházy administration throws entirely new light on the dating of the *Stabat Mater*. On 20th March, 1768, Haydn writes: "You will recall that last year I set to music with all my power the highly-esteemed hymn, called *Stabat Mater* ..." (see A. Valkó, "Haydn Magyarországi Működése a Levéltári Akták Tükrében" (*Kodály Zoltán 75. születésnapjára* [Zenetudományi Tanulmányok VI], Budapest 1957, p. 651).
- P. 273: Last line, third word, read "Wyzewa".
- P. 276: Ex. 1 is in fact part of the Ballet Music in Gluck's *Orfeo*; I am indebted to Miss Rosemary Hughes for drawing this fact to my attention. This particular ballet is not in my copy of the score, and is not usually played today in performances of the opera. It was specially written for the French version of the work and does not appear in the Viennese score of 1762. There is another, similar Ballet in *Philemon* which, though I have not yet traced it, may be also by Gluck. See also p. 315.
- P. 286: N. 11, line 2, first word: read "Eferding" (not Efferding).

P. 287: N. 12: Haydn's predecessor at the Esterházy Court, Gregorius Joseph Werner (1695-1766), wrote a series of *Lamentationes cum Sequentibus responsoriis* using the *Lamentatio* melody; MS. copies of the parts are preserved in the Sándor Wolf Museum at Eisenstadt. Haydn must have heard the works often.

P. 312: Concerning Haydn's *Stabat Mater*, see *supra* (note for p. 273).

P. 313: First paragraph, penultimate line, penultimate word; read "beside".

P. 313: Last two lines, read: "It is typical that one of the arias in *La Canterina* should include two virtuosos . . .".

P. 315: Paragraph 2, line 2, add full stop at end of line ("Cortine auf. Donnerwetter." [Curtain up. Thunder]).

P. 339: First paragraph, penultimate line should read: "(or that part of the movement which . . .".

P. 347: Ex. 2a: Remove the bracket " $\overline{\quad}$ " in bars 8/9; add bracket under Vln. II, bars 5/8 $\overline{\quad}$.

P. 348: The last four lines should read: "tension of the passage derives from the suspension in the accompaniment of the first subject's *b* section (marked *x* in Ex. 2a), which is now extended . . ." (etc.).

P. 349: Paragraphs 2 ff.: The Symphony was in fact composed in 1774, as was surmised from internal evidence. The following articles from the *Pressburger Zeitung*¹ of 6th July and 23rd November, 1774, throw new light on the origins of the *Sinfonia per la Commedia intitolata il Distratto*:

Esterház, June 30.

In the Prince's absence, the Prince of Modena visited Esterháza, accompanied by an Italian gentleman. This evening there will be a German comedy, and *Der Triumph der Freundschaft* is the play which will be given. Tomorrow *L'infedeltà delusa*, Italian opera in 2 acts. The music is by Herr Joseph Haydn. This admirable composer has recently composed music for the *Lustspiel*, *Der Zerstreute*, which will be given by Herr Wahr's Company: connoisseurs consider this music to be a masterpiece. It is full of the musical humour, the good spirits and the intelligence which characterize Haydensque productions. The connoisseurs are amazed on the one hand, whilst on the other the public is simply enchanted, for Haydn knows how to satisfy both parties; from the most affected pompousness he drops into doggerel, and thus Haydn and Regnard vie with each other in producing *distract* caprice [*wer am launischsten zerstreut*]. The play's value is thus much increased. The music describes the content better and better as the play progresses, and as the actors become ever more *distract*. It is also expected that this experienced composer will write music to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. [6 July 1774.]

Tuesday, St. Cecilia's Day, *Der Zerstreute* was given. Herr von Hayden wrote a curious sort of music for it, which our readers will remember from earlier numbers of this paper. Suffice it to say here that it is admirable, most admirable, and that the Finale, upon incessant applause of the audience, had to be repeated. In this number, which is most effective, allusion is made to the distracted gentleman who, on his Wedding Day, forgets that he is a bridegroom and has to remind himself by tying a knot in his cravat. The musicians start the piece with great pomp, and it takes them some time to remember that their instruments are not tuned.

[23 November 1774]

P. 360: Paragraph 2: Delete everything from line 9 to end of paragraph ("any of the sources"). Substitute the following: The confusion in which the individual parts now stood progresses from source to source. The Esterházy MS. seems to be the earliest: it

¹ Pressburg (Bratislava), where the coronation of the Hapsburgs took place, is just over the Austrian border in what is now Czechoslovakia. It was a centre of culture in Haydn's time; there was a good theatre, and many aristocratic families kept orchestras of their own, e.g. Prince Batthyány, Count Erdödy, etc. Haydn was often in Pressburg to engage singers and visit friends. Opposite Pressburg is the beautiful Esterházy Castle of Kitsee (now Burgenland, Austria), where Haydn and the whole band occasionally entertained visiting nobility or royalty. The *Pressburger Zeitung* is a goldmine of information, and its significance is just now being realized.

contains the new Minuet but also the original Finale. The flute and bassoon parts drop out after the third movement, and it is not clear whether the horns are to play *alto* or *basso*: they are marked *alto* in the Minuet, but they have no designation in the other movements.¹⁸

P. 361: Line 9, read "rather than the composer's . . .".

P. 361: After Paragraph 1, insert the following paragraphs: The next development may be seen in an old MS. in the Monastery of St. Florian. This source includes the new finale, but the flute part, like that in the Esterházy MS., is marked "tacet" after the Minuet. St. Florian's bassoon part, curiously entitled "Violonzello e Fagotto", may derive from a new lost source even earlier than that in Budapest, for it would seem to be a cross between the original bassoon parts of the *Mondo* Overture and that of the Esterházy MS. The horns, too, are clearly marked *basso* in the first, second and fourth movements.

As we examine the other contemporary MS. sources, flute and bassoon parts for the Finale begin to appear: possibly Haydn added them himself at a later date. But there are discrepancies here, too: the bassoon part in the Melk source of 1781 (see p. 710) mostly doubles the bass or the 'cello part, whilst that of the other source in Melk plays only in the *tutti*. In short, Symphony No. 63 poses almost insoluble textual (and musical) problems.

P. 361: Paragraph 2, line 3: For "It is probable" read "It is possible".

P. 378: Fourth line from the bottom should read as follows: "of high G and D, are not contained in the autograph (Public Library, New York City), but are found in old copies and are probably genuine".

P. 380: Paragraph 2, six lines from bottom, read: "al Roviesco" (not Rovescio).

P. 388: N. 48, last line: For "and the three symphonies" read "and the symphonies". The German word (I have photographs of the autograph) is clearly *deren* (Genitive plural) and not *drey*: Haydn abbreviates the "en" by a swish downwards. Thus he refers not to Nos. 76-78 but to the proofs of his *Sei Sinfonie* (Overtures). But positive proof of Nos. 76-78's date is provided by an unpublished Haydn letter to the French publisher Boyer of 15th July, 1783, wherein he refers to the symphonies as having been written "last year".

P. 394: N. 52: The Aria was in fact written for a performance of Cimarosa's opera, *La Circe*, given at the Esterháza Theatre in 1789. Haydn also wrote a second "insertion" Aria for *La Circe* which is quite unknown.

P. 396: Last paragraph of portion in smaller print: Readers are reminded that No. 92 was written expressly for the Comte d'Ogny in 1789.

P. 397: Paragraph 2, lines 2-3: The accompanied recitatives for baritone solo are by Frieberth, not by Haydn. For details the reader is referred to Hoboken's Catalogue.

P. 428: Lines 4-5 should read: "an open question: in the autograph proper they are now lacking (though Haydn may have put them on separate sheets which no longer exist), but the EH parts and the Oettingen-Wallerstein source include them. Curiously, the (very early) Sieber print at first issued the work without these instruments, but somewhat later engraved the timpani part and included it with the material, but without bothering to change the title page, where it is not listed. Charles Mackerras, who owns an important collection of Sieber prints, has two copies of No. 92, both with timpani: in one there is no plate number, and in the other the plate number was added, the title at the head of the page slightly altered, and one bar crossed out".

P. 431: Paragraph 2, six lines from bottom read: "from Notturmo No. 3 in G" (not No. 5 in C).

P. 436: Paragraph 2 (square brackets): This catalogue was sold by auction in "XXXVII. Autographen-Versteigerungs-Katalog", Leo Liepmannsohn, Berlin No. 91 (4th and 5th November, 1907).

P. 442: Paragraph 6 should begin: "SIGNOR DAVID and Signor[a] CAPPELLETTE . . .".

P. 445: N. 3: Dr. A. van Hoboken, who has seen the autograph of this letter in a private collection in New York City, kindly informs me that it is dated "14^{mo} di Marzo".

P. 446: Middle of page: Charlotte Papendiek's husband, Christoph, was a flautist and had played in Vienna some years before (see Pohl II, 135): Haydn may have known him from Austria.

P. 461: Middle of page (large type): No. 92 was written in 1789. See *supra*.

P. 464: Eight lines from bottom, read: "Mr. Brassy [*sic*] . . .".

P. 467: Smaller print, paragraph 1, line 8: The Viennese-born Joseph Diettenhofer was still living in London in 1799 (see Gerber's *Lexikon*, *loc. cit.*, I, p. 891).

P. 471: Paragraph 2, line 1: A copy of the *Battle* Symphony, arranged for pianoforte trio by the composer and bearing his signature, is in BM, g. 161. c. (10).

P. 474: Penultimate line of *The Times* criticism: add comma after "effect".

P. 477: Line 1: The autograph (EH) is entitled *Madrigal*.

P. 484: Line 3: Read "hereditary".

P. 493: Eighth Concert. Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778-1837), then not yet 14, was later (1804-1811) Prince Esterházy's Kapellmeister; Hummel was a pupil of Mozart's and later became a popular composer.

P. 495: Haydn's Benefit Concert: Albi Rosenthal, to whom I am much indebted for many kindnesses, owns two unique relics of the Haydn-Salomon Concerts: the only extant ticket, and the only extant hand-bill. The ticket is for this Benefit Concert and is engraved in blue ink; the text reads: "HANOVER SQUARE / Dr. Haydn's Night / On Thursday the 3^d. of May 1792 / To begin at 8 o'clock. / Tickets Half a Guinea each to be had of / Dr. HAYDN, / No. 18 Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square". All this is within a pretty ornamental border, and the card is signed "Macky sculpt". It measures 12 x 8 cm. The composer signed the card "469 Haydn", and on the back, in pencil, is the following note: "Presented to Mrs. Papendiek [see *supra*, p. 446] by Dr. Haydn himself at which concert ye Dutchess of York was present for the first time in England & 1500 people entered the door". Mr. Rosenthal has long promised to write an article on these delightful finds, and to reproduce the documents in facsimile. See also p. 546, *infra*.

P. 498: Lines 3-4 should read: "it is in C major, and a score which the composer took with him to England and used there is now in possession of Mr. F. C. Adler (Saratoga, N.Y. and Vienna); recently . . ." etc. This is not one of the works in the King's Music Library.

P. 500: First paragraph in large type. Haydn seems to have been befriended by the Barthélemon family. Not only did he assist at this benefit concert, but he also gave a symphony at their concert in 1794 (see p. 526); and recently still more concrete proof of this friendship has come to light. The Stanford Memorial Library (Stanford University, California) owns both the original editions of Haydn's English Canzonettas. The first set is signed by Haydn (as was the whole of the first impression) and bears the following inscription: "The Gift of the Author to Cecilia Maria Barthélemon", and on p. 9: "I heard dear Dr. Haydn, sing this, with peculiar expression—with grateful recollection of his English friends." The "Second Sett" is inscribed: "Cecilia Maria Henslow. I had the great pleasure to hear the famous Doct. Haydn play & sing his beautiful Canzonetts (in my youth) in my Dear Father's House at Vauxhall. Oh! what a treat it was! The dear good & respected Haydn was often with us—& express'd much pleasure, when my beloved mother took the upper part (with me) of a Duett of Handels (in his fine Opera of Poro)—She had a fine high soprano voice—& had been (when very young) a scholar of the famous Geminiani. Given into my hands by my dear Mother, Fanny H. Henslowe [*sic*]." (The last sentence seems to have been added by Cecilia Maria's daughter.) Barthélemon lived at No. 8 Kennington Place, Vauxhall. See also Pohl, H. in L, p. 199.

P. 505: Paragraph 4 should begin: "On St. Catherine's Day . . ." (not Catharine).

P. 506: List of second London Symphonies. Under *First Performance* of No. 104 add at beginning: "13th April 1795 (?) or 4th May (?) . . .".

P. 508: Under *First Concert*. Dussek's new piano Concerto was probably the "Second Grand Concerto in F" published by Corri & Dussek in 1794; see *infra*, addendum to p. 546.

P. 511: Last line of *Morning Chronicle* criticism; presumably the writer meant 'of Haydn, astonishing[,] inexhaustible . . .', etc.

P. 529: Section in large print towards bottom of page, line 1: delete whole sentence. I have since studied the diary in autograph (Mozarteum, Salzburg). Engl, who made ghastly mistakes in transcription throughout, reads "Ich lernte in Canterbury den Famore, mahler keßen". But what Haydn wrote was "Ich lernte lauterburg den Famosen mahler keßen", i.e. I met Lauterburg, the famous painter. (Philipp Jakob Louthembourg, 1740-1812, who had lived in England since 1771; he sketched Haydn's portrait.)

[To be concluded]

The New in Review

BY

HANS KELLER

So far as my ears went, the most important event of the summer was the Holland Festival production of two of Schönberg's three one-act operas, the hardly-known *Von heute auf morgen* and *Erwartung*. They were given in a double-bill under the supremely competent musical direction of Hans Rosbaud (probably one of the three or four absolutely musicianly conductors alive) and thus even gained the upper hand over an unbroken series of attempted murders by their producer, Hans Hartleb.

In *Von heute auf morgen* I counted no fewer than eleven major contradictions of Schönberg's scenic intentions; there may well have been more. As for *Erwartung*, the poor woman (the excellent Helga Pilarczyk) was not only left without a wood, but even without her sole partner, the corpse. In other words, Mr. Hartleb was here in an abstract mood, which is the only mood that enables you to produce something out of nothing. As a result, nobody knew exactly what was happening except for those who knew anyway, and it all looked very deep. In my own crude way, I always thought that the point about putting an opera on the stage was not the deep look, but the story: if you can take that in by the way, without mental effort, you are free to concentrate your psychic energies on what the music has to say about it. On the other hand, if you want to abstract, I can't see why you should stop abstracting just at the point where you are about to leave the stage altogether: go the whole hog and abstract it all on to the concert platform, so that at least nobody sees anything which doesn't mean anything. Switch on the light (rather than off, as in the Royal Festival Hall and many other European places), get out your scores, and look at the composer's stage directions; they will certainly give you a better story than do the Hartlebian or Wielandian prostitutions.

What did Wagner do without his grandson? Did he appoint a predecessor? By no means. He did the thing himself. Still, you may say, it was all about his own work. But Mahler's productions weren't. Did he need a producer? Is it not curious that what are perhaps the most famous productions in our operatic history came, *qua* productions, not from a producer, but from a musician? A well-trained theatre conductor, a stage manager or two: what more do you want that wouldn't be less? Where does the producer come in? The door left open by the conductor's inexperience isn't wide enough for a balloon filled with gas. Operatic production starts where spontaneous operatic experience stops and you have to do something about it all.

Nevertheless, production apart, the singer's utterly natural performance in *Erwartung* was a musico-dramatic experience of the first order which I, for one, should not have believed possible. I had welcomed the stage production chiefly for musical reasons: the complex orchestral texture takes the acoustic position of the theatrical stage into account, and for this reason alone a scenic performance will always prove more satisfying. Thus I could immediately believe my ears, but not my eyes. That a singer who has to cope with a continuous and enormously difficult part could spend half an hour alone on the stage without a single artificial or stilted movement was something which perhaps Schönberg alone had foreseen—for he must have known how the music could hypnotize the musician-actor into a genuine monodrama.

After repeated hearings in close succession, the compelling structure of this work, which on any but the spontaneous, emotional level always seemed to me the greatest mystery of all music I intuitively understood, is at last beginning to yield its secrets. I am not yet ready to write an analysis myself—I am very much against forcing those rationalizations of one's emotional understanding which alone deserve the name of analysis—but I may say that by now I have no doubt that Walter and Alexander Goehr's recent attempt to come to intellectual grips with the work ("Arnold Schönberg's Development towards the Twelve-Note System", in Howard Hartog (ed.), *European Music in the Twentieth Century*, London, 1957) is superficial to the extent of childishness and far-reaching irrelevance.

In *Von heute auf morgen* the drama overcame its production (a) through the music, (b) through the singers' counter-measures against the producer, and (c) because people did not know the work in the first place. Had they known it, the producer would not have got away with his version. I shall not, however, bore the reader with detailed criticisms of a production which, as such, will hardly interest him one way or the other: it is highly unlikely that he knows the work, since it was only staged twice previously, the privately published vocal score being at the same time virtually unobtainable unless one had bought it early on. (Schott have now acquired the work; the publication of the vocal score is imminent.) At this stage, then, it would seem more profitable to devote some introductory attention to the opera and its historical *cum* critical environment.

Von heute auf morgen (1928–3.8.1929) is Schönberg's comic opera, and if the proposition sounds comic to you this is your funeral as well as Constant Lambert's. I am obliged to Donald Mitchell for drawing my attention to this passage from *Music Ho!*, which I had totally forgotten—repressed, no doubt: "An atonal comic opera is a chimerical thought, and though it is unlikely that either Schönberg or Berg would in any case wish to attempt such a genre, the mere fact that the task would be impossible is a proof of the narrow emotional range offered by their idiom". The best "fact", the best "proof" we have ever come across. Remember that this was written in 1934, six years after *Von heute auf morgen* was completed, and four years after its much publicized first production, which was followed by a performance, under Schönberg's own direction, over Berlin radio. Remember, too, that Lambert's "proof" duly reappears in the third edition of his book, which was published exactly twenty years after *Von heute auf morgen* had been completed. Remember, finally, that where passionate ignorance and passionate misunderstanding co-operate, time, however generous, has indeed great difficulty in exploding "factual" illusions. Almost thirty years after the completion of *Von heute auf morgen*, we find Iain Hamilton ("Alban Berg and Anton Webern", in Howard Hartog (ed.), *op. cit.*) still offering the same kind of information: "The twelve-note school of composers has not yet produced a master of the completeness of those of the great classical tradition. It has succeeded as probably never before in the expression of the most intense emotion, introspection and sordidity, and in their choice of texts the composers have stressed their predilection for such emotions almost without exception". Mr. Hamilton must have known of *Von heute auf morgen*; he probably knew such works as Schönberg's *Serenade*, *Septet*, or *wind Quintet*—or if he didn't, he certainly should not have considered himself entitled to pronounce upon what the "twelve-note school" (whatever that is) had or hadn't produced. If Beethoven's exceptional range of emotion

is demonstrable, then the fact that Schönberg's is at least as wide is demonstrable in the same way. Where indeed is Beethoven's comic opera? In this pathological atmosphere in which everybody projects on to Schönberg's work the "sordidity", exaggerated emotion *etc.* which he is unable to cope with in his own mind, within this essentially critical rather than musical set-up, can we blame Schönberg when he interrupts his lecture on "Composition with Twelve Tones" (*Style and Idea*, New York, 1950) in order to offer what is, in the circumstances, an admirably detached diagnosis of music criticism and musical history? "One should never forget that what one learns in school about history is the truth only in so far as it does not interfere with the political, philosophical, moral or other beliefs of those in whose interest the facts are told, colored or arranged. The same holds true with the history of music, and he who guilelessly believes all he is told—whether he be layman or professional—is defenseless and has to "take it", to take it as they give it. Of course, we know their guesses are no better than ours.

"But unfortunately our historians are not satisfied with rearranging the history of the past; they also want to fit the history of the present into their preconceived scheme. This forces them to describe the facts only as accurately as they see them, to judge them only as well as they understand them, to draw wrong conclusions from wrong premises, and to exhibit foggy visions of a future which exists only in their warped imaginations".

While Constant Lambert was unable to foresee what had already taken place, Schönberg himself certainly foresaw the kind of critical history with which Iain Hamilton is now presenting us. Meanwhile, Holland's audiences have been laughing their prejudices off in the course of a twelve-tone comedy which, but for the wealth of its musical substance, might be regarded as a twelve-tone operetta.

The text is by Schönberg's widow (Gertrud Schönberg, his second wife and Rudolf Kolisch's sister) who is herewith shyly advised to drop her pseudonym "Max Blonda" once and for all: it doesn't mean or hide anything, and true to our often-defined principles, we shall disregard it anyway.

Husband (baritone) and Wife (soprano) come home from a party. The Husband, somewhat bored by his Wife, dreams of her Girl Friend (soprano) whom he has just met. The Wife decides to test, not his fidelity (which, psychologically speaking, has gone anyway), but his infidelity. With the help of his sister's (a dancer's) clothes, she changes into a "modern woman", at the same time playing up the little flirtation she herself had at the party with a famous tenor. (An unrecognized subtlety here: a *lyrical* tenor playing a *Heldentenor*. The role was miscast in Holland.) The Husband turns into a jealous lover, and Singer and Girl Friend, who had been led to expect a "modern" quadrangle, are eventually faced with a straight marital line. So strong has the atmosphere of real love become at the end (says H. F. Redlich in his review of the first performance in the *Hamburgische Correspondent*, 4th February, 1930) "that upon the Child's crucial question, 'Mama, what's that, modern people?', the curtain can safely fall".

The Child's is a speaking role, though not in the integrated, *Sprechstimme* sense. But there is real *Sprechstimme* too, as in the other Schönberg operas except *Erwartung*; and its function is not of course only textural, but also eminently structural: it effects the understanding coda (as we might call it) after a finale-like quartet. If Britten had known *Von heute auf morgen*, one would not have hesitated to say that he had learnt this particular kind of operatic end-structure from Schönberg.

As will be gathered from the above synopsis, there is more than a serious undertone in the fun of the text. Mr. and Mrs. Schönberg are waging war against the very concept of "modernity"; the aesthetic implications are obvious.

Like *Moses und Aron*, *Von heute auf morgen* is based on a single row: D-E \flat -A-C \sharp -B-F-A \flat -G-E-C-B \flat -F \sharp . Superimposed upon this sub-thematic factor of unity is a supra-thematic one—the *Leitmotiv* technique. It does not assume the overriding significance it has in Wagner, but where it is used, it develops its most fruitful Wagnerian purpose—musico-dramatic enlightenment on the basis of thematic unification—to an unprecedented degree; and nowhere does it tautologize.

Form and style, on the other hand, are utterly un-Wagnerian, whence a Wagner parody involving an unobtrusively literal quotation (compare bar 999 with *Walküre*, bars 286-7) is thrown into the most humorous relief. With its organization into recitative, arioso, and actual "numbers", the formal scheme can in fact be considered classical. For once out to please, Schönberg is more repetitive in this score than anywhere else; he even employs a motto theme. Yet there is no sectional repetition and the music remains basically developmental throughout—with the result that when, apparently for reasons of stage production, the orchestral interlude from bars 768 up to the pause over the tie from bar 781 to bar 782 was repeated in Holland, the effect was unintentionally comic.

The newest aspect of the score is its strict and complex ensemble counterpoint. The experience is uncanny. No such thing has ever happened in comic opera. It proves to the ear, more strikingly than "serious" twelve-tone counterpoint, that polyphony assumes a new significance in twelve-tone music (at any rate, in Schönberg's twelve-tone music). Already in the quarrel duet between Husband and Wife (bars 254 ff.), the canon by inversion at the half-bar does not only make the words (and itself) immediately clear despite the terse *stretto* character of the texture, but achieves an amalgam between forceful *opera-buffa* style and unyielding counterpoint whose effect, totally unexpected and without the remotest precedent, can only be described as stunning. The other couple, the Singer and Girl Friend, make their own complementary contribution to this surprising form of operatic expression at the other end of the work (bars 944 ff. and 960 ff.), as they introduce the apotheosis of the new textural approach, the towering, complexly canonic quartet which is followed by the afore-mentioned coda.

At the end of the quartet and just before the exit of the Singer and Girl Friend which introduces the coda, there is a special little canonic problem. The *pianissimo* canon between these two figures is now suddenly at the same pitch (as distinct from the octave), with the result that the voice of the Singer all but covers that of the Girl Friend (it completely covers it if, as in Holland, Schönberg's dynamics are not carefully heeded). The suspicion may arise that Schönberg miscalculated; but in my opinion, the textural break-down is quite intentional, dramatically motivated and structurally meaningful. The "modern" couple has lost its case, and its texture folds up, peters out. This four-bar codetta of the quartet thus forms the negative counterpart to the ensuing coda to the whole work, with its subdued victory of the principal, married couple: the coda is an understatement of substance, the codetta a statement of emptiness. Musically, the transition from the climactic quartet to the stressedly anti-climactic coda is thus achieved within an incredibly short space.

The evident popular appeal of *Von heute auf morgen*, coming so soon after the equally surprising success of *Moses und Aron*, makes one wonder. Are we to suppose that driven by some mysterious force, we are suddenly discovering the more accessible part of Schönberg's output? Is it not far more natural to assume that we are at last discovering, not the popular Schönberg, but Schönberg the popular, that we are growing into the music of one whose only fault it was that he let himself be born too soon? (According to Schopenhauer, we are responsible for our birth.) He himself thought that *Von heute auf morgen* would be a wide popular success. He was right although, at that time, it wasn't. What are a few decades between a genius and his potential audience?

Concerts and Opera

MUNICH AND SALZBURG FESTIVALS

BY

EVERETT HELM

THE chief attraction of the annual Munich Festival is its production of Richard Strauss' operas. This year no less than six were on the programme: *Feuersnot*, *Rosenkavalier*, *Salome*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Daphne* and *Capriccio*, not to mention the ballet *Josephslegende* and an all-Strauss orchestral concert.

It might perhaps be regarded as an act of atonement that the Munich Festival chose this year to wake Strauss' early opera *Feuersnot* out of its long, undisturbed sleep. For *Feuersnot* was conceived and written "against" Munich, so to speak. Strauss himself described the work as a "small act of revenge" for thwarted ambitions and, more specifically for the refusal of the Munich opera to accept *Guntram* for production. Strauss' quarrel with Munich did not stop with personal grievances but included as well the shabby way in which this city had, he felt, treated his illustrious predecessor "Richard III"—i.e. Richard Wagner.

This esoteric and personal background is germane to the full understanding of *Feuersnot*. It explains the parody of Wagner's texts, the several quotations from Wagner's operas, the highly immodest references to the composer as Wagner's successor and, for that matter, the choice of the story on which *Feuersnot* is based. Derived from a Flemish folk tale and transferred to Renaissance Munich, the story is meant to symbolize the triumph of genius over the limited and spiteful mentality of the Philistines. A magician-genius lives a life of utter seclusion in Munich. On a certain day of the year, the children go about collecting wood for a huge bonfire. They beat on the doors of the magician Kunrad until he opens and gives them all the wood they want, literally tearing his house to pieces thereby. Having accomplished this magnanimous act, he promptly kisses Diemut, the proud daughter of the burgomaster—for no apparent reason—before the assembled multitude. At once the citizens are enraged, and the proud beauty herself vows revenge. That evening she promises him rich rewards if he will climb into a large basket and allow himself to be hauled up on a pulley to her *boudoir*. When he is half-way up, the basket stops in mid-air, and Kunrad is the object of ridicule of the whole neighbourhood, which is again routed out *à la Meistersinger*. But he does one of his magic tricks and the city is plunged into total darkness (i.e., he creates "Feuersnot", lack of fire). Only after the damsel has sacrificed her virginity to him does the light return amidst general rejoicing. Diemut too seems to be pleased with the final outcome, for she joins Kunrad in a love duet behind discreetly closed shutters.

Most operas based on esoteric material do not come off and *Feuersnot* is no exception. The personal references are unclear and, for that matter, uninteresting. The attempts at humour fall flat. The story seems ridiculous. It would take a score of overwhelming genius to make this opera "work", and that is not what *Feuersnot* is. There are some interesting passages, presaging similar ones in *Rosenkavalier*, but they are the exception rather than the rule. The orchestration is brilliant in its way, as it always is in Strauss' works. The harmonies are slick, and the vocal writing is showy. The choruses, of inordinate difficulty, are often effective. But the music lacks real substance and remains very much on the surface. Although the work is relatively short, lasting about ninety minutes, it becomes tiresome and bombastic. It is in a sense the operatic companion piece to the equally bombastic symphonic poem *Ein Heldenleben*, in which Strauss also gave vent to his displeasures with Munich and with various music critics.

The Bavarian State Opera did ample justice to the work. The production was a

lavish one, in the best tradition of the Munich Festival. Max Bignen's stage set, showing a street in old Munich, was most ingratiating in its ginger-bread-house style *à la* Walt Disney, and Herbert Graf's staging was in keeping. The singing was on an average high level, although one could have wished for a younger and vocally fresher Diemut (sung by Maud Cunitz). Kunrad's part was well sung by Marcel Cordes, and the supporting roles were more than adequately filled. Rudolf Kempe was the excellent conductor.

Strauss' *Die Josephslegende* completed the evening, demonstrating once again that ballet is not the strong point of the German theatre. This being the case, one was thankful that the choreographer, Heinz Rosen, steered relatively clear of classical ballet patterns and concentrated on "expressive" dancing. The leading roles (Natascha Trofimowa as Potiphar's wife and Heino Hallhuber as Joseph) were danced with considerable aplomb; the rest left a good deal to be desired. The same might be said of the score itself, which contains a few fine passages but is lacking in real invention. This is music of effects, the novelty of which has long since worn off, and which is for that very reason no longer effective.

The Munich Festival, it would seem, feels called upon to produce one obscure Strauss opera annually. This policy has the advantage of giving one a chance to hear works that are otherwise almost never performed, and after hearing them, it becomes clear why this is so. Soon, however, the bottom of the barrel will have been scraped with such works as *Guntram*, *Schlagobers* and *Friedenstag*. Considering the effort involved in mounting a new production, it might be more in the interest of art if the Munich Festival would devote its energy to bringing out a *new* opera, as it did last year with Hindemith's *Harmony of the World*. There is no guarantee that the quality would be better, but there is at least a chance that it might. And in principle the Festival would thus be making a greater contribution than by reviving for a brief moment the least successful operas of Richard Strauss.

In the newly-opened Cuvilliés Theater, formerly Residenz Theater, we saw a fine performance of Mozart's *Entführung*. The theatre itself is a little jewel, as anyone who knew it before the war will remember. During the war it was dismantled piece by piece and stored away for safe keeping. Only last year it was got out again, piece by piece, and reconstruction was begun on a site not far from where it formerly stood. To-day it is more lovely than ever, for the gilt has been retouched, the colours freshened and certain nineteenth-century additions to the original theatre, built in 1753, have been done away with. It is now named after its original architect.

The intimacy of the auditorium, which seats only 600 people, provided a perfect setting for *Die Entführung*, which was done with a correspondingly small orchestra. The cast was not uniformly good. The Blondchen is an unfortunate "transfer" from operetta to opera, who nevertheless preserves many of the coquettish mannerisms of the lighter genre; and the Pedrillo was inclined to "ham" his part. But Erika Köth was a splendid Constanze, Richard Holm a worthy Belmonte, and Kurt Böhme was, as usual, glorious in the part of Osmin.

Fritz Rieger was a surprisingly good conductor—surprisingly, because he seldom conducts opera. His feeling for *tempo* was excellent, he kept the performance moving but avoided excesses of dynamics and moods that can, on occasion, mar the performance of this work. As the result of his perspicacity, one was not "wrenched" from the comical to the seriously dramatic and back again, but everything fitted together, and one thing grew organically out of another.

The most remarkable feature of the Munich *Entführung*, indeed, was its general atmosphere. All too often this piece is turned into a kind of slapstick affair, in which the moving arias of Belmonte and Constanze and the noble figure of the Bassa Selim seem out of place. Rieger's conducting and Heinz Arnold's stage direction avoided this danger, without in any way detracting from the sparkling comedy of the piece. There was enough of the ethical flavour of the later *Zauberflöte*, to which *Die Entführung* can be considered a preliminary study, to lift the performance far above the level of a farce.

SALZBURG

This year the Salzburg Festival brought out two new musical productions: Verdi's *Don Carlos* and Richard Strauss' *Arabella*. Unfortunately we were unable to hear the former except on the wireless, from which we are inclined to agree with the general enthusiasm for this performance, conducted by the Festival's artistic director Herbert von Karajan.

Arabella was in every respect an artistic success—nay, triumph. After hearing and seeing it we were puzzled again by the relative neglect of this charming score, which is notably free from the bombast and posturing that mar, for us at least, much of this composer's music. It is also a work which demands a really first-class production, such as it received in Salzburg. The greatest danger lies in the portrayal of the role of Mandryka, this difficult combination of peasant and natural gentleman. If the peasant qualities are exaggerated, the character becomes coarse and highly unlikely, or, to say the least, highly over-simplified. If, on the other hand, the peasant qualities are too much underplayed, the whole point of the story is lost.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's portrayal of Mandryka created a wholly creditable fusion of these two aspects, combining peasant vitality with sensitivity and nobility. And when such splendid acting is matched by such superb vocal equipment and musicianship—*voilà* the ideal Mandryka.

His opposite number, *Arabella*, was no less satisfactorily cast. Lisa della Casa seems born for this role—a delight to the ear and to the eye. The part of her sister Zdenka was excellently sung by Anneliese Rothenberger; Otto Edelmann as Graf Waldner and Ira Malaniuk as Adelaide completed the principal cast. With the exception of Matteo the supporting roles were well filled. Stefan Hlawa's sets and Erni Kniepert's costumes were most attractive, and Rudolf Hartmann's stage direction was in the best of taste. Joseph Keilberth conducted with his usual efficiency. He is a splendid accompanist, but one could wish sometimes for more sparkle and initiative on his part. Well we remember the exciting performances Keilberth conducted in Berlin in the years 1948–51. With his "arrival" (first Hamburg, then Bayreuth and now as Fricsay's successor as Generalmusikdirektor of the Munich Opera), he has lost some of the vitality that marked his earlier conducting.

The general level of the Salzburg productions remains high. This year's *Così fan tutte* seemed even more perfect than in former years. In fact, it approached absolute perfection. The superb cast comprised Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as Fiordiligi, Christa Ludwig as Dorabella, Rolando Panerai as Guglielmo, Luigi Alva as Ferrando, and Graziella Sciutti as Despina. Only Franco Calabrese as Don Alfonso left something to be desired vocally, but he made up for it by his excellent acting (he comes, as a matter of fact, from the legitimate stage). It is most gratifying to watch the constant progress of Christa Ludwig, who improves from year to year. The team of Neher and Schuh, the backbone of the Salzburg production staff, was responsible for the enchanting *décor* and stage direction. Karl Böhm conducted with vitality and achieved a natural musical flow.

The Marriage of Figaro, also a carry-over from previous seasons, has lost none of its magic and remains an unforgettable experience. The brilliant cast included Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Count Almaviva, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as the Countess, Christa Ludwig as Cherubino and Erich Kunz as Figaro. Never have we heard the Count's aria "Vedrò, mentr' io sospiro" sung as Fischer-Dieskau sang it on this particular evening, and Schwarzkopf's "Dove sono" was scarcely less impressive. But this *Figaro* is in no sense a "a parade of stars", despite the stars' presence. It is completely motivated and integrated. There was even a vocal weak spot or two—Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio, for instance—but these were forgotten in the total picture, for which again much of the credit must go to Karl Böhm.

This year's "novelty" took the form of a guest appearance by the Metropolitan Opera of New York, which brought over Samuel Barber's new opera *Vanessa*, the *première* of which had taken place in New York in January. The principal singers were the same in the two performances: Eleanor Steber as Vanessa, Rosalind Elias as Erika, Nicolai Gedda

as Anatol and Giorgio Tozzi as the old doctor. The three supporting roles of the old Baroness, the Major-Domo and the Footman were sung by Ira Malaniuk, Alois Pernersdorfer and Norman Foster respectively, none of whom had participated in the American performances. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who launched the work in New York, conducted. The costumes were from the "Met" and the scenery was an exact replica.

The story of *Vanessa* (by Gian Carlo Menotti, who was also the librettist and the stage director) has a strong Ibsenesque or Strindbergian flavour. In some unspecified northern country, Vanessa, a handsome woman of around forty, awaits in her plushly-appointed manor house the announced arrival of her former lover, Anatol. She has been waiting for this visit for twenty years, during which period she has lived as a recluse, keeping all mirrors and pictures covered and hoping for the return of the man she has never ceased to love. The only company she has had (not counting the servants) are her mother the Baroness, who for some unexplained reason refuses to speak to her daughter, and the pretty young Erika, Vanessa's niece.

As the curtain rises, all three are gathered in the salon in the dead of the night, waiting for Anatol to appear. A snowstorm is raging without, and Vanessa is worried that he may have lost the way. The tower bells ring out to signal his coming, however, and soon he stands in the doorway of the salon. Vanessa keeps her back to him for a considerable time, fearing that her love has never wavered. When at last he speaks, she turns to discover a handsome young man whom she had not expected at all and for whom she had decidedly not prepared the *souper* that is on the candle-lit table. The intruder explains that he is the original Anatol's son and that his father is dead. Vanessa is outraged, and before mounting the stairs she orders him out of the house at once. Anatol however works successfully on Erika and they sit down to the *souper*, with much wine.

A month later (act II) Anatol is still very much on hand. While he is out skating with Vanessa (the two have become very close friends) Erika confesses to her grandmother that Anatol seduced her on the night of his arrival. He is willing to marry her, but Erika doubts the sincerity of his love. Alone with him, she puts him to the test, but he is evasive. As the others go out to chapel, Erika makes her decision: "No, Anatol, my answer is no. Let Vanessa have you, she who for so little had to wait so long".

Act III opens with a ball in Vanessa's manor house and with a "drunk" scene by the old family doctor, who is scheduled to announce the engagement of Vanessa and Anatol. Vanessa is upset because Erika refuses to come down. As the announcement is made, however, Erika hears it from the stairs, faints, recovers consciousness, and rushes out into the snowstorm, wearing only her party dress and exclaiming: "His child, his child! It must not be born. It shall not be born".

Scene I of act IV is in Erika's bedroom. Vanessa can't understand what made her niece act in such a desperate way. Erika is carried in unconscious and laid on the bed. She had been found near the lake. The doctor sends the others away from her bed and applies himself to some strictly clinical business. Erika, left alone with her grandmother, confides that her child will not be born. The Baroness leaves her without a word and from now on refuses to speak to her too.

The final scene is one of departure. Vanessa and Anatol are leaving, perhaps never to return. Vanessa makes one last attempt to learn the truth from Erika, who replies: "There was no reason for it; it was a foolish thing to do; it was the end of my youth". When the others have gone, Erika orders the gates to be locked; she will receive no visitors. She covers the mirrors and pictures again and sits down by the fire next to her silent grandmother, saying: "Ah, that is good. Now it is my turn to wait!"

Barber's score carries out the implications inherent in the libretto. It is realistically conceived as a companion to the dramatic development, which it underlines in its free arioso passages and in its set pieces, notable among which is the canonic quintet of the final scene. Barber's style might be described as neo-romantic in its aesthetics and techniques. The composer is not an adherent of any musical school or direction but feels free, according to his own statements, to avail himself of whatever musical material

suits his purpose. Thus *Vanessa* gives the impression of eclecticism, containing reminiscences of Puccini, Wagner, Strauss and the like. Typically Barber, however, is a certain lyric vein which sometimes has an almost folklike quality. His melodic gifts are considerable, as is evidenced in the highly singable lines, and the orchestration is effective without being obtrusive.

Whether one likes *Vanessa* or not will depend on one's reaction to its story and libretto, for everything in the opera and in its production is a logical consequence of these. It is a latter-day example of a kind of "grand opera" which flourished in former days, notably the time in which the action of *Vanessa* takes place, around the turn of the century.

The Met's performance was of the first calibre. The singing was without exception excellent; special mention is due to Rosalind Elias for her Erika. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted with complete conviction and authority the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, which was joined by the chorus and ballet of the Vienna State Opera.

THE COVENT GARDEN RING

BY

HANS KELLER

Two advantages flow from Rudolf Kempe's annual castration rite. The unbearable tension produced by the discrepancy between Wagner's intentions and the gutless beautification that reaches one's ears (not to speak of the confused, contradictory, and unauthentic picture that reaches one's eyes) sends one home to restore one's mind: to re-read the scores, re-think their truths, and may be even re-read Wagner the writer who, believe it or not, tells us more about Wagner than do his critics. Nowadays, every composer is surrounded by a pseudo-realistic legend, which tends to be far worse than the romantic biography of a previous age. So long as musical hero-worshipping is confined to musical heroes, it has at least one realistic point: the hero. It considers the man through his work. The approach may be bound to be misleading, but at least it recognizes the fact that a genius cannot be examined apart from his genius. The modern approach, on the other hand, tells us that the genius must be seen through the man, but what actually happens is that our "objective" historians get stuck in the man and never get on to the genius. As a result, Beethoven lacks self-control (as a recent, pitiable psychoanalytic attempt, praised by all my colleagues, has it). The superhuman self-control manifest in his works is left to explain itself; and the whole thing is called science.

The trouble, then, is that when you get stuck in the man you even get the right things wrong (such as Beethoven's explosive character), and the "factual" outlook begins to fancy facts. Thus the scientific legend starts. Wagner, sure enough, was egocentric. In fact, strictly psychologically speaking, I think one may properly describe him as a hysteric. So what? The legend makes the most of it. Wagner is seen through the fog of his egocentricity; hardly ever is his egocentricity seen in the light of his genius. Everything about him, everything around him becomes egocentric. Bayreuth becomes egocentric—a self-festival. But is it? It may be, now, by proxy. It wasn't as he envisaged it. But Wagner's plan has been forgotten by our objective, scientific realists. They have long ago ceased to read Wagner, because from his egocentric views about himself you can't learn anything about him, barring his egocentricity. I should like to have an honest vote amongst our readers. How many of them know that Wagner's festival theatre was planned to centre, not just on the *Ring*, but, after that had been first performed, on the first and subsequent productions of new original operas? That Wagner was in fact thinking of competitions for composers, the prize consisting of a production of guaranteed excellence at the festival theatre? That he wanted any such good work which could be performed in one evening to be reproduced annually, while more extended music dramas, his own *Ring* included, would have to content themselves with "rarer recurrences"? That if we strictly adhered to Wagner's intentions, we should

now be performing Schönberg at Bayreuth? Yes, misguided reader, you have been reading too much about Wagner, and not enough Wagner. I don't blame you in the first place. I blame those who write about Wagner. My little facts, which the Wagner legend has musicologically dreamt out of existence, can be found in nothing more obscure than Wagner's preface to the publication of the *Ring's* text (*Vorwort zur Herausgabe der Dichtung des Bühnenfestspiels "Der Ring des Nibelungen"*, Collected Writings, vol. vi, pp. 272 ff.).

On to the second respect in which Kempe's misinterpretation proves helpful. A bad interpretation is an uncharacteristic one; and an uncharacteristic one tends to disclose well-assimilated influences which, quite properly from a purely artistic point of view, one has not previously noticed. The influence of Mendelssohn on early Wagner is (I hope) common knowledge, but the mature Wagner's debt to Mendelssohn had never before struck one to any appreciable extent. Yet such passages as the scenic beginning of *Das Rheingold* (Woglinde's entry), or the change of both real and emotional weather just before the third scene of *Die Walküre's* third act, show Mendelssohn's influence in the most strictly definable fashion. We recall that Wagner's attitude towards Mendelssohn was highly ambivalent, and that he considered him a great musical painter of nature. Mendelssohn does in fact often creep into his music where nature clamours for expression. Wagner considered Mendelssohn superficial, but used him at some of his deepest moments. For nature was deep for him, as indeed it is for all composers who are at all in touch with it. In his chapter on fourth-chords in the *Harmonielehre*, Schönberg goes so far as to suggest that new sounds, new expressive means, tend to be impressionistic at their first appearance; impressions, or rather expressions, of nature, more closely linked to the universe than is our consciousness. And Wagner himself, describing the composition of *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, and the greater part of *Siegfried* in his *Epilogischer Bericht über die Umstände und Schicksale, welche die Ausführung des Bühnenfestspiels "Der Ring des Nibelungen" bis zur Veröffentlichung der Dichtung desselben begleiteten* (Collected Writings, vol. vi, pp. 257 ff.), speaks of the inspiring influence of nature, which carried him across all problems and prevented exhaustion, as if he was flying "through high mountain air". Most significant, perhaps, is the passage where he describes how, in *Das Rheingold*, he first of all had to find, and throw into relief, those "nature motives" (*Naturmotive*) which, by a process of gradual individualization, were to develop into expressions of "the emotional tendencies of the wide-spun action and its characters". The same feeling is here expressed, the same thought formulated, as in Schönberg's book on harmony: nature's inspiration, the unconscious reflection of the universe—no relation, despite appearances, of Jung's "collective unconscious"—gradually crystallizes into human and musical consciousness, developing into artistic characterization, into the "peculiarity" (as Schönberg calls it) both of the artist's themes or dramatic figures and indeed of himself. Sure enough, one of the two examples Schönberg proffers is Wagnerian—the off-stage horn fourths at the beginning of the second act of *Tristan*.

What my wider argument is leading up to, however, is a tentative contribution to the psychology of Wagner's anti-Semitism which, as is not generally realized, came to assume quite fantastic proportions (as well as becoming ever more conflict-ridden). *Das Judentum in der Musik* is much better known than the later *Aufklärungen über das Judentum in der Musik* (Collected Writings, vol. viii, pp. 238 ff.), but it is in these that Wagner goes really mad, turning even Hanslick into a "subtly concealed" Jew. (Though he does not mention him by name at that stage, there is no doubt whatever about the alleged fifth-columnist's identity.) Now far from being a Jew, Hanslick was quite a presentable anti-Semite himself, and the only significance attaching to Wagner's anti-Semitic fantasies is the emotionally consistent pattern underlying them. His attitude towards his pet victim (and/or "persecutor", as the case may be), that is to say, is always one of overt hate and suppressed or disappointed love and admiration. The hated Jew, moreover, is always a father figure, and always one which Wagner can't get out of his system. Finally, or rather primarily, it is the figure of Mendelssohn (who duly returns

in the last-quoted essay) that represents Wagner's conflict at its height, to the extent of obscuring the very aim of his tirades: at times one doesn't quite know what he is talking about—whether it is his hatred or his ill-repressed love for Mendelssohn.

I have not read the latest bulletin on Wagner's own parentage. The last I read said that the Jewish father was definitely out; the one before that said he was definitely in. We need not care. What interests us is that whatever the actual position, Ludwig Geyer, his official or real step-father, must have played a considerable role in his unconscious fantasies. (It is noteworthy in this connection that a biographer who could not be further removed from psychoanalytic thought, links Wagner's early enthusiasm for *Freischütz* to Geyer's friendship with Weber.*) My submission, in short, is that Wagner's at times psychotic anti-Semitism was oedipally determined—an ever-repeated, obsessional attempt to fight and deny his Jewish (step-) father, and thus to fight the (imaginary or real) Jew in himself. The profound influence of Mendelssohn had to be overcome in any case: Wagner's conflict was powerfully supported by musical realism. The very need, on the other hand, to let himself be influenced so deeply by the Jewish composer was part and parcel of the selfsame conflict. And when the attractive side of the Jews became dangerously strong, some psychologically suitable pet aversion had to be turned into a Jew—yet again one with suppressed attractions! The oedipus complex pervaded Wagner's life as well as his operatic texts; about the fact that this primal and highly productive complex was alive and unresolved there cannot be the faintest doubt. Down to the smallest detail the psychoanalytic pattern fulfilled itself; Wagner even contrived to create for himself a Jewish "son"—the first *Parsifal* conductor, Hermann Levi—with all the inevitable conflicts which the ensuing situation entailed. That, for the rest, he should evince a compulsion to castigate Mendelssohn for not being "deep" will not surprise the psychologist who realizes that it is the depth of both Mendelssohn's influence and of Wagner's own inventions thus influenced which his musical repressions are about. One need not indeed be a psychoanalyst in order to note that in view of Mendelssohn's influence, something must be wrong somewhere with Wagner's charge that the older master does not sufficiently hold the attention: one should have thought that he held Wagner's own attention quite enough.

As for the Covent Garden *débâcle* itself, I refuse to repeat myself every year. Kempe does so with increasingly devastating effect upon structures and textures alike, and I have no alternative but to refer the reader to my previous reviews of his Wagner—accent on "his"—in this journal (see the August issues of 1955 and 1956 and the November issue of 1957). The same goes—and now I quote our Editor—for "the production, 'rehearsed by Peter Potter' (whatever that may mean), [which] needs taking in hand and turning into a production" (November, 1957). Its basic aim seems to be to obscure the action; people who saw the *Ring* for the first time in this unswervingly idiotic staging did not have the vaguest idea what was going on. The whole purpose of the stage—to clarify the story and free the attention for the music—is annihilated. What, on another page, I have said about the opera producer in general, here finds abundant confirmation.

In the following pages, I am adding such marginal comments to my (as well as the Editor's) impressions of previous years as may eventually prove useful.

Das Rheingold: 19th September

PRECIOUS, pedantic, pedestrian. In a pedant's house where everything is in meticulous order, there usually is one room or corner which is in a mess. I shall spare the reader the psychology of the phenomenon, but I was certainly reminded of it whenever Kempe got himself into trouble on his own level. Every other room had its messy little corner. Or, to vary the metaphor, we were offered the intermittent spectacle of a man losing everything he hadn't risked.

* Julius Kapp, *Wagner*, Berlin, 1913, p. 5.

Hotter once again outstanding, nobly fighting the conductor. A new Covent Garden acquisition was Richard Holm's Loge. He was excellent and could have been superb in a properly musical performance. Rut Siewert's Erda, also new, was less satisfactory. As distinct from my colleagues, however, I do not wish to come to any rash conclusions about her interpretation: it was evident that she was very nervous indeed, and her much better (though not yet unobjectionable) performance in *Siegfried* showed that one had to postpone any realistic judgment. The established members of the Covent Garden cast have improved as much as seems possible in the circumstances.

Die Walküre: 24th September

WHAT, no hut? Of course not. You figure out for yourself what is happening, why it is happening, and, most difficult question of all, what exactly the stage picture is supposed to convey. As the Editor pointed out previously in this journal apropos of Wieland Wagner, a mixture of styles is the hallmark of the amateur. Sure enough, no sooner had the second scene begun than we got it. From abstract nothingness and symbolic confusion to naturalistic film technique laid on thick. Could one believe one's eyes? Siegmund actually making love to Sieglinde, stroking her cheek, before Hunding enters, who duly and "dramatically" interrupts the petting party. The Dirty Old Man's Guide to Wagner.

Astrid Varnay's (Brünnhilde's) sustained, separate high Bs and Cs in "*Hojotoho!*" were typical of the general musical approach: ugly beauty without a shadow of sense, and directly contradicting everything Wagner put into the score except for the mere pitch of the notes. The Retarded Young Person's Guide to Wagner. And those thick, sticky string soli! A *sempre espressivo* started in our musical world about fifteen years ago which has never ceased since. A whole generation is growing up which has never heard any other mode of expression.

The supreme achievement, however, was the emasculation of the *Walkürenritt*. I didn't know you could do it. I thought this piece always had to come off, if only because Wagner insured the orchestration so heavily. But no, Kempe succeeded in turning it into a *Walküren-Idyll*.

The real news: Jon Vickers' Siegmund, fresh from Bayreuth: a most commendable effort, German and all. Marianne Schech's Sieglinde too weak vocally. Hotter as expected, Kurt Böhme's Hunding equally impressive. Maria von Ilosvay's Fricka a distinct improvement upon her *Rheingold* phase.

Siegfried: 29th September

POOR old Siegfried. These unmitigated ideals never reach reality. Just as Dostoevsky's "Idiot" is immeasurably more real than his Alyosha Karamasoff, so Siegmund is as much of a Siegfried as psychic reality can take. (Since Wagner called his son Siegfried, we may assume that he himself identified himself more spontaneously with father Siegmund too!)

It is time that Mr. Windgassen (who had not as yet reached the freedom of delivery we were to hear in *Götterdämmerung*) learnt his percussion part. It isn't as difficult as all that, even though you have to sing at the same time. For one thing, I have never yet heard him keep time. For another, he still is not beyond changing certain values or even adding a bar to the part. The trouble is that since nobody really knows how the hammering goes, Siegfried is more or less free to do as he pleases. If he did the same sort of thing with his vocal part, even our leading music critics would notice it, and they'd be so delighted at their acumen that there would be a public outcry.

Peter Klein as good as always. Hotter just below his best, but still towering both musically and dramatically. His enunciation, of course, is his weakest spot—mercifully unnoticed in this country, since he always sings in German. Varnay extremely nervous: who can blame her at this stage in the proceedings? (It must be said, though, that Birgit Nilsson, young as she is, almost achieved the impossible last year at the Garden. Where is she? When will we hear her again?)

Götterdämmerung: 3rd October

A DEFINITE symptom of sham production and sham reception (at any rate on the critical side): nobody appeared to notice anything amiss when Hotter changed from Wotan into Gunther. Where, for Valhalla's sake, are we? There we hear the most sophisticated discussions about this or that production problem, stage-lighting, light-handed staging, and so forth; but the fundamental agent in establishing the operatic illusion is the music, and when, in one and the same *Ring* cycle, you hear Hotter's profoundly characteristic voice identified for three nights with Wotan, his sudden rebirth as Gunther on the fourth is an aural shock which it is impossible to overcome. With as much sense, you might play the last scene of *Siegfried* against the stage set of the first. (For all I remember, they nowadays do so in Bayreuth, anyway.) I am childish enough, and am indeed supposed to be childish enough, to live in this mythical world so long as it lasts, but how can I live in it if the illusion, the deeper reality, is torn out by its root, its sound? I can always close my eyes, but I can't close my ears. On the other hand, if you don't really live in the myth, what are you doing all those hours in Covent Garden? I never felt so much in a madhouse stripped of the guts of madness as when Gunther first opened his mouth. He himself at least seemed to have noticed something amiss, for his performance was not half as spontaneous and imaginative as Wotan's.

Gottlob Frick an unsurpassed Hagen, though at times his voice was almost too powerful: where I sat, it momentarily reverberated to the point of aural discomfort. Hilde Konetzni's Guttrune a surprising disappointment. Varnay: her best performance in the *Ring*, despite the fact that she had to put up with its worst production. From the gloomy light which, neo-Bayreuth-like, replaced Wagner's "bright day" at her first appearance, to her final monologue, which replaced the biggest crowd scene Wagner had conceived for the *Ring*—and with the sole exception of the beginning of the funeral march—the staging was markedly below contempt. By the end, of course, one was disillusioned, and laughter rather than fury was all one had to offer by way of response as one of the greatest climaxes in musical history commenced:

*Starke Scheite schichtet mir dort
am Rande des Rheins zum Hauf'!*

[Friends, let a fitting funeral pyre
be reared by the river here!]

For by this time, Brünnhilde was already alone, and since there were no Vassals left whom she could have asked to execute her command, she addressed it to us in the audience instead. We could only meekly reply, "Sorry, I'm busy". What we did not expect, however, was that the production could out-produce itself at the very end. True, we did get a bit worried when Hagen, far from "watching Brünnhilde with growing anxiety", had left the stage and, we thought, possibly the theatre, but we were still confident he'd come back, seal the *Nibelungendämmerung*, and finish the opera. So, in a way, he did, except that you couldn't see what he was doing; in fact, you couldn't even see that it was he who was doing it, or rather being done. With bewildered faces, newcomers to the *Ring* were heard asking afterwards what that man was shouting about, and who the hell he was anyway. Nor indeed did the visual aspect of the last, orchestral pages bear any resemblance to Wagner's visual directions, any relation to his musical intentions, which he could not have made more explicit.

In the last-quoted essay, he writes quite factually that it was he, amongst all his colleagues, "who had the most thorough practical experience in the field of the musical theatre, and the undisputed skill to apply this experience". His scores and stage directions bear this out. The anonymous Covent Garden producer, however, thinks that one has to regard Wagner as a man not of, but off the stage.

Our requirements for Covent Garden's next *Ring* production are modest. We don't ask for exceptional minds to be in charge. We dare not even ask that they evince exceptional competence. But we should be greatly obliged if, before they got to work, they would be good enough to try and pass an intelligence test.

BERLIN FESTIVAL

In this, the Berlin Festival's eighth year, its director, Dr. Gerhart von Westerman, produced a programme of catholic appeal, in which the accent was nevertheless—and quite rightly—on contemporary music, theatre and art. The mere listing of all the events would more than fill these columns. One of the most difficult problems for the visitor, indeed, is deciding which performance to attend on a given evening.

Not everything we saw and heard was of top quality, but nearly everything was interesting and, to that extent, rewarding. In the opening matinee the Berlin Philharmonic under Karajan performed the disappointingly academic *Impromptus* by Wolfgang Fortner, Beethoven's fifth Symphony and Bach's piano Concerto in D minor, in which Glenn Gould played the solo part breathtakingly.

The Municipal Opera brought out a new arrangement of Cherubini's *Medea*, in which Inge Borkh sang the title role superbly. Not having heard Callas in this part, we cannot draw comparisons but can only state that the Berlin performance of this "one-woman show" was a very good one.

Four short chamber operas were commissioned by the city of Berlin and performed on the same evening: Wolfgang Fortner's *Corinna*, Humphrey Searle's *From the Diary of a Madman*, Werner Thärichen's *Anaximander's End* and Darius Milhaud's *Fiesta*. Of the four, Searle's was by far the most successful. It moves at a rapid pace, is dramatically effective and is very well written for the voices. Fortner's piece sounded like a twelve-tone exercise in bird-twitterings, lacking musical meaning and substance. Thärichen's story about an old maid and her beloved cat was as silly as the score. And Milhaud's work was so poorly performed that judgment must be suspended. The Studio of the Municipal Opera was conducted by Hermann Scherchen. Special mention is due to Thea Altmeyer for his magnificent portrayal of the role of the madman in the Searle piece.

The Ballet of the Municipal Opera appeared in a programme that featured a new work, also commissioned, by the young German composer Giseler Klebe. *Menagerie* is based on an arrangement in capsule form of Wedekind's *Lulu*, story by Tatjana Gsovsky, the Municipal Opera's choreographer. Klebe's score has many interesting passages, but the ballet doesn't quite come off. The compressing of the two Wedekind plays into little more than a half hour of ballet results in a crass over-simplification of the psychological and dramatic elements.

On the same programme was a naive but rather pleasant ballet by Nicolas Nabokoff: *The Last Flower*, based on James Thurber's book of the same title. The less said about the curtain-raiser, Stravinsky's *Apollon musagète*, the better. The heavy-footedness of the orchestra, choreography and dancing rendered it practically unrecognizable.

High point of the Festival was a guest appearance of the Hamburg State Opera in Alban Berg's *Lulu*. The difficulties of performing this masterpiece make it a rarity, and Hamburg is to be congratulated for reviving it and the Berlin Festival for putting it on the programme. The performance was stunning. The orchestra under Albert Bittner played and the singers sang with absolute surety, as if they were performing *La Bohème*. There was no watching the conductor every second for fear of missing a cue; the singers ranged about the stage with complete freedom. Unstinted praise is due to Helga Pilarczyk for her singing and acting in the title role. The rest of the cast, including Toni Blankenheim as Dr. Schön, Kurt Ruesche as his son and Gisela Litz as Countess Geschwitz, was without a single weak spot. Günther Rennert's stage direction was phenomenal, and he was ably supported by Teo Otto's sets and costumes. If this sounds like a "rave notice", it is because it is meant to. And the remarkable thing about hearing *Lulu* again after an interval of several years is that the work sounds almost "classical"—or better, post-romantic, which, in fact, it is.

Only passing mention can be made of many events that might well deserve a full review. Ralph Kirkpatrick played a splendid harpsichord recital in the candle-lit Oak Gallery of Charlottenburg Castle. Hermann Scherchen conducted a brilliant concert that included Schönberg's *Die glückliche Hand*. Antonio and his Spanish Ballet appeared

several times. Paul Hindemith conducted a concert in which he also was heard as violist. There was a concert devoted to the music of Ernst Křenek. The Berlin Festival is an exhausting but highly rewarding affair.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC FESTIVAL IN WARSAW

THE stated purpose of the "Warsaw Autumn", as the International Festival of Contemporary Music is often called, is to present a broad picture of musical creation in today's world—or better perhaps, in today's two worlds, the eastern and the western. To that extent, and in others as well, Warsaw represents one of the few meeting points of the communist and capitalistic countries. This fact was clearly expressed in the programme, which included works from the United States, the Soviet Union, both parts of Germany and various other countries on both sides of the iron curtain. The balance, however, was heavily weighted on the western side, and it was the western music that stimulated the most interest and enthusiasm.

There were, in fact, only two outspokenly "socialistic" pieces on the entire programme. One was Paul Dessau's *The Cultivation of the Millet*, subtitled "an epic musical poem for narrator, baritone, chorus and orchestra" on a text by Bertold Brecht. In no less than 52 strophes it tells the story of the miraculous harvest of a collective farm which "gave its all" to feed the Soviet army during the war. This piece constituted the second half of a concert by Radio Leipzig (East Germany). Following the intermission, the previously-full house was half empty. During the performance others left ostentatiously. At intervals a loudspeaker told the glorious story of collective triumph in Polish, and each time this happened there was tittering and scarcely-controlled mirth in the audience. The applause was luke-warm—quite commensurate, it must be added, with the quality of both music and text.

In the same concert was heard a stunning performance of Schönberg's cantata, *A Survivor from Warsaw*. The impact was enormous, and the applause so stormy and persistent that the work had to be repeated. Interestingly enough, the orchestra and chorus of Radio Leipzig, which performed the cantata so well in Warsaw, has not performed it in East Germany, nor are they likely to, for Schönberg is forbidden fruit there. It might be added that the narrator spoke in English, unfortunately with a heavy accent.

One of the high points of the Festival was provided by the Juilliard Quartet, which played string quartets by William Schuman, Tadeusz Baird and Béla Bartók and Webern's epigrammatic Five Movements for string quartet, *opus 5*. Again it was the advanced music of Webern that received the greatest ovation.

Baird's Quartet is more or less representative of the present general state of Polish composition. It employs twelve-tone technique in a free way and effects a compromise between "traditional" and "advanced" sonorities—a still somewhat tentative venture into new land. Like that of most of his colleagues, Baird's music retains the shapes and "gestures" of post-romanticism, translating them into a more dissonant harmonic language. The thirty-year-old Pole, however, is clearly a composer of talent, whose music has a personality and an expressive quality of its own.

Another group of composers, however, represents a more "radical" tendency: that of post-Webern pointillism. Several of this group have been to The Darmstadt Holiday Courses for New Music, and the Darmstadt vaccine has "taken". A chamber orchestra concert, ably conducted by Andrzej Markowski, presented three Polish works of this persuasion. Włodzimierz Kotoński's "Chamber Music for 21 Instruments and Percussion" is a sensitive work, fundamentally melodic despite intermittent excursion into pointillism. It contains some stylistic incongruities (*e.g.* the use of a steady drum rhythm in one movement), but they are more than redeemed by the musical quality. Kazimierz Serocki's *Musique Concertante*, on the other hand, seemed more like an exercise in pointillism than a piece of living music. The youngest composer represented in the festival, Henryk Górecki, produced one of the most original works. His pointillistic

Epitaph for chorus and several instruments is remarkable for its delicacy, its concentration and its underlying musicianship. Webern's cantata, *Das Augenlicht*, and "Five Pieces for Orchestra", *opus 10*, completed the concert.

In a matinee Karlheinz Stockhausen gave a brief introduction to a concert of electronic music, explaining why, in his opinion, this is the music of the future. There is, in fact, considerable interest in Poland in this new form of expression, and plans for the construction of a fully-equipped electronic studio are well advanced. In the second half of the matinee David Tudor performed brilliantly compositions by Stockhausen, Pousseur, Wolff and others. The wisdom of introducing music for prepared piano into this festival is highly questionable, for the audience lacks the necessary background to evaluate this kind of "musical circus". The net result, in all events, was hilarious laughter on the one hand and extreme indignation on the other.

The Festival was so filled with events that only the surface can be skimmed here. Mention must be made, however, of the remarkable "Funeral Music" for string orchestra by Poland's leading composer Witold Lutoslawski—a work which combines in a most original way tonal, atonal and dodecaphonic elements, all subordinated to musical expression. The highly gifted young Polish conductor Jan Krenz deserves high praise not only for his reading of this moving score but also for taking over at the last moment a second concert that included Berg's violin Concerto (soloist, Henryk Szeryng) and a flute Concerto by Poland's elder musical statesman Kazimierz Sikorski. Krenz appeared with the Polish Radio Symphony Orchestra, of which he is the permanent conductor.

Stanislav Skrowaczewski, director of the National Philharmonic Orchestra, also proved to be a conductor of exceptional ability, guiding his orchestra through the complications of Roman Palester's difficult and impressive fourth Symphony.

Symbolically, the two final concerts were played by the superb Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, certainly one of the foremost orchestras of Europe. Unfortunately, the programme of the first concert was rather below par, but it did serve to underscore the enormous differences in style and aesthetics between East and West. The originally-scheduled Prokofieff cello Concerto had to be replaced by Otar Taktakishvili's piano Concerto, brilliantly performed by Jakub Zak and conducted by Kurt Sanderling. This is a flashy but eclectic work, recalling various composers from Tchaikovsky to Rachmaninov. The second half of the concert was devoted to Janis Iwanow's sixth Symphony, the programme of which is "the life and struggle of the Letts, suffering under capitalist oppression and fighting for the liberation of their country with the help of their brothers, the Russian people". The antecedents of this long work were also patent: Borodin, Rimsky and Tchaikovsky, with just a touch of Shostakovich.

It is the great merit of the Warsaw Autumn to provide a "neutral territory" for the side-by-side presentation of Eastern "realism" and Western "modernism". This Festival proves that in the musical sphere, at least, peaceful co-existence is entirely possible.

E. H.

PERUGIA, 23rd and 24th September; MUNICH, 29th September–3rd October;
STUTTGART, 4th and 5th October

THE beautiful little town of Perugia, towering over the centre of the backbone of Italy, and remaining even to-day almost entirely unspoiled, presents the perfect setting for a real music festival and apparently can be relied upon to provide suitable festival weather. But best of all the travelling music circuses and international publicity boys have not yet found it, so that there is real promise of enjoyment for musicians in Perugia until they do.

This, the town's thirteenth music festival, took place between 20th September and 5th October. The programme which finally emerged after many vicissitudes was admittedly less interesting than had been foretold by the original prospectus, from which, for example, some Berlioz had inexplicably disappeared. But there remained some interesting curiosities such as *Il Sogno di Geronzio* conducted by Sir John Barbirolli, which we were unfortunately unable to hear, and three presumably characteristic excerpts from the music

of Antonio Caldara conducted by Mario Rossini. These pieces, from the oratorio *Joseph* and the *Passion of Jesus Christ*, only too obviously betrayed the anachronistic style of the admitted *Revisione e realizzazione di Vito Frazzi e trascrizione di Eva Riccioli Orecchia*, though we were not told precisely of what the *revisione* consisted! However, the impression remains that Caldara's music, even had it been left in its pristine state, could barely hold the interest of a modern audience for a whole programme. On this showing he is at his best when complementing Gluck or anticipating Mozart and at his worst when parodying Handel. The concert was neither well prepared nor expertly played. But the soprano, Giuliana Matteini, could have taught her colleagues much about the *minutiae* of musical interpretation and for the writer at least she made the evening enjoyable.

The following day Lovro von Maticac conducted the Mozart Mass, K.317 and the Requiem, K.626. The performances owed much to three excellent singers, the sopranos Emilia Cundari and Friederike Sailer and the baritone Hans Braun; but the contralto and tenor were so poor that they shall remain unidentified. The orchestra for both concerts was that of the Florence May Festival which on this evidence is emphatically not a first-class combination by London standards. The violins were particularly weak with the only obviously expert player sitting, curiously, at the third desk. In view of the many intrinsic limitations, it is not surprising that Maticac was unable to sustain the music at the level of inspiration which one knows to lie in the scores. It is rather to his credit that he "brought off" as much as he did: for there were pages of K.317 in particular which came very near to revealing their full stature.

Turning to more general matters: the concerts were advertised to start at 9.15 p.m. which some visitors may think a trifle late. In this our hosts have every right to suit themselves and foreigners who find their timing inconvenient can stay away. But to announce 9.15 and then start at 9.40, as occurred on both these occasions, is inexcusable. We were also much distracted by flash-photography during both performances, a barbarian abomination which the organizers would do well to stamp out.

On arrival in Munich it was disappointing to find that the promised performance of *Feuersnot* had been cancelled (presumably because Rudolf Kempe was currently embroiled with *The Ring* in London), though the writer's enthusiasm was aroused by the proposed substitution of *Freischütz* produced by Heinz Arnold. Here, surely we should find the *echt-Wolfschlucht*—the most grandiose *Katastrophengebiet* that human ingenuity was capable of re-creating on the operatic stage. But, as the Sermon on the Mount might have it in the beatitudes, "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed". I have never been fortunate in my experience of *Freischütz*; I know it can "work", but for me it never does. This blasphemous parody, however, relieved only by Hanny Steffek's delightful Ännchen and Max Proebstl whose Kaspar promised more than it finally achieved, constituted a new "low" for the Prinzregententheater where I have not previously seen such incontrovertible evidence of gross carelessness and lamentable lack of rehearsal. Meinhard von Zallinger, whose doubtful privilege it was to stir this amorphous mess to its miserably dreary conclusion, made amends two nights later with a *Zauberflöte* conspicuous for its balance, sanity, taste and overall musicianship. Kurt Wehofschtz, through intelligent, accurate singing and what appeared to be natural stage ability, made a credible and at times sympathetic figure of Tamino and Kurt Böhme gave yet another proof of his astonishing versatility by playing and singing Zarastro as to the manner born. Zallinger's *tempi* suggested that he was familiar with Beecham's recording.

At the Württembergische Staatstheater Stuttgart a Saturday-evening performance of *Tosca* aroused great enthusiasm and rightly so. Without pretending that the piece itself is much better than Joseph Kerman maintains in *Opera as Drama*, it needs only three good singers and an alert magnetic director of music to "bring down the house". These we had in Maria Kinas (*Tosca*), Eugene Tobin (*Cavaradossi*) and Randolph Symonette (*Scarpia*): while Wilhelm Seegelken directed the performance with an authority which was sufficiently impressive to suggest that he may achieve greatness.

Otello, under Joseph Dünnwald, fared less well. The cast was less consistently good with Alfons Herwig an unsuitable Iago, and Wolfgang Windgassen (*Otello*) seemingly tired,

as well he might be, from his exertions at Covent Garden. But Elisabeth Löw-Szöky made the most of Desdemona's final scene and a respectable if unexciting standard was maintained throughout.

In both Munich and Stuttgart the strings of the orchestra had been pared down to an objectionable level; i.e. the full weight of the climaxes of *Freischütz* was beyond the capacity of the number of players present, and in *Otello* likewise. *Die Zauberflöte* survived the emaciation almost unimpaired, while in *Tosca*, for a variety of reasons by no means all of them musical, it seldom really mattered.

Returning to this country one still vaguely hopes in a bemused sort of way that some day someone will set about organizing opera here in a realistic and artistic manner—the two epithets are not mutually exclusive—which so far only Glyndebourne has realized. And when we have achieved an opera which commands our fervent support, may we please be allowed to go and support it on Sundays as do the nationals of other countries more civilized than ours.

G. N. S.

BRUCKNER'S FIRST

Third Programme, 4th October

In a BBC recording, Rudolf Schwarz conducted the BBC Symphony Orchestra in a performance, better than none, of Bruckner's astonishing first Symphony in Beethoven's C minor, which in this country is still rarely heard, even though it must be the most original "First" in existence—"the saucy little broom" (" 's keche Beserl'"), as Bruckner called it. Schwarz's text was not the early "Linz" one (1865-66) which we now have in two published versions—edited, respectively, by Robert Haas (1939, republished in 1949) and Leopold Nowak (1953, not 1954 as given in Redlich,* p. 270)—but the late Vienna version of 1890-91.

What I have often asked myself is how the "*pizzicato*" found its way into the first violins in bar 149 of the published Vienna version's finale. (This corresponds to bar 148 in the "original" versions, Bruckner having added one bar—37—to the rhythmic structure in the revised version: it isn't always a matter of cuts, and warning is hereby given to the optimists who automatically plunge for the revised versions in the hope that they are shorter.) The *pizzicato* is manifest nonsense; it cannot even be played. It does not, of course, recur (or, from the standpoint of Bruckner's own chronology, pre-cure) in either Haas' or Nowak's edition (the two are identical at this stage), but it nevertheless remains a very curious and indeed mystifying misprint. One does not print or engrave a "*pizz.*" out of nowhere. Something must have been misread, and since it is, after all, Bruckner's own final version with which we are here concerned, it would be very interesting to know what it was.

Though Bruckner wrote two symphonies before this official First, and although he had reached his early forties by the time he got down to it, it cannot, of course, in any way be regarded as a mature or even wholly characteristic work. If Bruckner were established in this country as the great symphonist he is, one would not have to apologize for either the work or its performances, of which one hopes there will now be more. But as matters stand, one can, without undue persecution mania, still hear the sighs of the know-alls in front of their wireless sets, where they swallow without a murmur many an early Haydn or Mozart quartet which is of no significance whatever. "Do those Bruckner cranks really think," we hear them ask, "that this is great?" No we don't. But neither is Beethoven's C minor Quartet. Or rather it is, in certain well-definable respects—if we know our Beethoven. We just have to know our Bruckner.

H. K.

* H. F. Redlich, *Bruckner and Mahler*, London, 1955.

Book Reviews

Music and Western Man. A symposium on music from ancient times to the present day.
Edited by Peter Garvie. Pp. xxiv + 328. (Dent.) 1958. 25s.

Undeniably, "Symposia" on music are the fashion today. The fond illusion that an assembly of musical specialists will necessarily produce a super-volume of accumulated erudition goads young and inexperienced editors time and again into attempting the impossible: the creation of an organically conceived musical textbook out of the welter of many conflicting individualities. Peter Garvie's Symposium is more up-to-date than its immediate forerunners in so far as it has been sponsored by a powerful organization: the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. It presents as reading matter a collection of radio scripts which have been used by the CBC in a series of fifty weekly one-hour programmes throughout 1955. "Music and Western Man" was evidently planned and produced as a kind of Canadian replica of the BBC's pioneering effort "A History in Sound of European Music" (1948/49) and its recorded codification in the ten volumes of the His Master's Voice series "The History of Music in Sound"—the sonorous corollary to the *New Oxford History of Music*. Mr. Garvie, a young poet and playwright from London and Cambridge, long domiciled in Canada and an assiduous broadcaster on the CBC, planned and produced the series which was successful enough to receive a first award from the Institute for Education by Radio-Television at Ohio State University. In his preface the editor hints at the enthusiastic response he got from audiences on the American Continent, when he says: "... 'Music and Western Man' seems to have fulfilled a need ... for a history of music that would be scholarly and not academic, lucid in style and accessible to every inquisitive listener without condescension towards him". It is understandable that he desired to give his series a more permanent character by transforming it into a book relating "the history of music in western civilization".

The preface reveals that each broadcast had been conceived independently and that each contributor recorded his talks wherever he was and also chose his music illustrations on records. These records are indicated in the text which, in turn, has to throw them into high relief. Hence, record collectors could actually *play* through the book while also reading it. This seems an excellent arrangement for intelligent lovers of the gramophone who have the means to buy bulky anthologies such as "The History of Music in Sound", the Archive series of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and similar serial productions of discs from which most of the examples of the book are taken.

How far does this collection of specialized radio scripts amount to a readable and reliable "History of Music"? Reading the volume from cover to cover, I had the uneasy feeling that its historical aspect was unpleasantly lop-sided, despite some excellent contributions from individual scholars. The fact, already mentioned, that contributors focused their chief attention on their chosen records caused some curious gaps in the historical narrative and frequently resulted in shifts of emphasis quite out of proportion with the generally accepted evaluation of certain musical personalities and phenomena.

Palestrina, Weber and Wagner are cases in point. German Romantic opera is discussed only in a 12-line paragraph on p. 259, mentioning Weber, Marschner, Lortzing and Wagner. The only individual work of Wagner to be mentioned in greater detail (but not in that paragraph) is the prelude to *Tristan*, the only individual work of Weber's (whose operas are not referred to individually) to be discussed at all (but, again, not in that particular paragraph) is his "Invitation to the Dance" (p. 268). This cavalier treatment of German opera can be easily explained. Nineteenth-century opera—from Rossini's *Tell* to Wagner, Smetana and Moussorgsky, but with no mention of Auber's *Masaniello*—had to be squeezed into a single script. However, what may be a virtue of condensation in the broadcasting studio becomes criminal negligence on the silent pages

of a musical text book. Why Palestrina, the greatest Italian composer for the church, should have been all but totally overlooked while his exact contemporary Lassus has been made the subject of an entire broadcast is less easy to understand or to forgive.

Mr. Garvie must take the blame for some tiresome duplications which were bound to occur in so many radio scripts by so many different authors. On pp. 81-82 and again 119, respectively, Paul Henry Lang and Gustave Reese are permitted to describe Willaert's activity as founder of the Venetian polychoral style in all but identical terms. On pp. 137 ff. and 170, respectively, J. A. Westrup and A. K. Holland give quite similar explanations of the meaning of the term "Baroque". Where was Mr. Garvie's pruning knife? There are more than five full pages on Couperin (*le Grand*) and only a single line on Bizet. There are nearly six full pages of text (with several examples) on Trouvères and Minnesingers, but the Mastersingers, their legitimate heirs, are brushed aside in four lines with no word on Hans Sachs. How does the editor reconcile this last omission with the promise in his preface "to explore western civilization through one of its aspects, music"? Some rather contentious statements should never have been allowed to appear in print without the corrective of an editorial footnote. Twice (on pp. 99 and 186, and by two different contributors) Jacobus Gallus, *alias* Jacob Handl, *recte* Jakob Petelin, is called a German (or German-born) composer. Yet it is common knowledge today that he was a Slovene. On p. 289 Schönberg's *Pierrot lunaire* is called "Mad Pierrot"—rather an inappropriate translation. "Pierrot moonstruck" would have come nearer to the mark in the case of a poem whose real hero is "la lune" as much as "Pierrot". Phenomena of musical style, such as "Parody technique" and *Basso continuo* are repeatedly discussed in a strangely circumlocutory manner, without ever using these generally accepted terms.

However, this symposium has also its credit side. Egon Wellesz on the music of ancient Greece and Byzantium, Alec Robertson on Gregorian Chant, J. A. Westrup on Monteverdi and on Venetian opera, Gustave Reese on English Tudor Music, Anthony Lewis on Handel offer models of practical musicology, scholarly and entertaining, of high literary standard, and yet full of detailed information, perfectly condensed and yet accurate in all essential detail. The high level of their contributions is occasionally reached by other authors, for instance by Karl Geiringer in his chapters on Haydn, Mozart and their contemporaries. But it would be idle to pretend that all is well with the sections on the music from Beethoven to the present day, which is discussed in less than 75 pages. Numerous useful and judiciously selected references to further reading matter and recordings, appended to each chapter, must also go to the book's credit side. But the total exclusion of music examples in staff notation is a grievous loss, even if it seems justified by the book's popular price.

Johannes Brahms and Theodor Billroth. Letters from a musical friendship. Translated and edited by Hans Barkan. Pp. xxi + 264. (University of Oklahoma Press.) 1957. 5 Dollars.

Wovon lebt die Musik—Die Prinzipien der Musiksoziologie. Alphons Silbermann. Pp. 235. (Gustav Bosse.) 1957.

The Bird Fancier's Delight: Directions Concerning ye Teaching of all Sorts of Singing-birds after ye Recorder. Edited, with historical Introduction by Stanley Godman. Pp. vi + 21. (Schott.) 1954. 3s.

An English translation of the correspondence between the great composer and the great surgeon, extending over 30 years, will be a welcome addition to the book-shelves of any Brahms-lover in the Western hemisphere who has no German. The present edition, prepared by a distinguished ophthalmologist of San Francisco, whose father had been a clinical disciple of Billroth's in Vienna, contains many useful annotations indicative of the editor's enthusiasm for Brahms and of his authority in the medical field. However, to be a famous ophthalmologist and an experienced string quartet player (as the editor

professes to be) is not enough to support valid claims to musical editorship. Mr. Barkan's beautifully produced book is marred by a number of silly mistakes, due to his unfamiliarity with the complex (and differing) musical terminologies of the two languages at his command. When Brahms speaks of his "Cello Sonate in A dur" he means the Sonata in A major and not a Sonata "in A sharp", as Barkan translates on pp. 171-72. The translator is quite consistent in his faulty terminology. For in his footnote on p. 138 he blandly refers to Brahms' Third Symphony "in F sharp" (Symphonie in Fis dur) instead of in F major. Brahms might have hugely enjoyed that bloomer. But I wonder if he would still have chuckled when coming on p. 108 upon a reference to his "B sharp piano Concerto" (Klavierkonzert in His dur)! In this case Barkan unwittingly transposed the Concerto a whole tone higher. For "His", enharmonically exchanged, means "C". The book is studded with nonsensical terminological howlers of this kind of which I reproduce the worst specimen. In his footnote to p. 211 the editor tries to explain why the autograph of Brahms' six vocal quartets, op. 112, uses modern clefs instead of the older C clefs. I reproduce his footnote together with my corrections in brackets:

"Brahms meant that the eight-voice quartettes (eight-part vocal quartets) are not written in the old forms [*sic*] (in the old C clefs) but in the modern pianistic [*sic*] bass-violin clefs [*sic*] (in the modern treble and bass clefs)".

When will amateurs begin to learn that the tasks of musical editorship demand a stricter proof of musical knowledge than occasional amiable fiddling in pleasant company?

Musiksoziologie and its first cousin *Musikpsychologie* have remained unfulfilled promises of German academic curricula so far, despite repeated attempts to put them on the map (cf. my review of Kurt Blaukopf's *Musiksoziologie*, MR, XII/3, August 1951, p. 234). It is certainly useful to learn to understand music as a product of social energies and also as the artistic result of a specific application of the economic law of demand and supply. It is equally useful to study the effects of music on the human soul as on the feelings of social groups. Professional musicologists believe that such studies are best undertaken by themselves rather than by representatives of extra-musical disciplines. The author of this provocative attempt to lay down the principles of music sociology, however, thinks that it should be the prerogative of specialists like himself. Hence, the scurrilous attacks on universities in general and on academic musicologists in particular in which this book abounds. In pursuit of this aim the author does not shrink from deliberate distortion of facts, if and when it suits him. Although Silbermann's book contains many high-sounding chapter headings ("*Von den sozio-musikalischen Gruppen und ihrer Struktur*") and offers a number of interesting observations on social phenomena, it fails to draw any firm outlines of its proposed subject. Moreover, it is written in decidedly faulty German—a kind of teutonic counterpart of our "Refugeese"—i.e. in a German sprinkled with ugly anglicisms such as "basal" (basic), "hypokritischerweise" (hypocritically), Enumeration (instead of the good old German "Aufzählung"), etc. Silbermann, a German emigrant from Cologne, had to make his home for many years in Australia and France. He has now returned to Germany and has quite recently been appointed Professor of *Musiksoziologie* at the University of his native city. Let us hope that his reinstatement into German academic life will help to diminish his hostility to musicologists and simultaneously to increase his sense of self-criticism. Perhaps he will give us in the end a better textbook on his pet subject, more methodical and in better German.

To teach birds how to warble a favourite tune has been a pastime of humble folks as well as of famous composers. Mozart's pet starling who contributed a charming variant to one of his master's Rondo-finale themes comes readily to mind, and also Wagner's favourite parrot, Papo, who could frighten unprepared visitors out of their wits with his sudden intonations from his master's *Rienzi*. This sport seems to have started in the early eighteenth century and to have coincided with the vogue of the flageolet or whistle-flute, a variant of the recorder.

Stanley Godman, a valiant champion of the re-admittance of this once obsolete type into the comity of instruments, has put its many addicts under special obligation with his little manual. It represents a collection of 43 tunes from two contemporary editions of 1714 and 1717 respectively, which, in turn, seem strongly indebted to the melodic invention of Mr. Hill, an ingenious flageolet player of the period, as to the ornithologist John Hamersley whose British Museum MS, "A description of all Musical Birds", seems to have inspired the theoretical part of the manual. Mr. Godman's delightful collection of tunes includes 11 melodies for the bullfinch and nine for the canary. But parrot and nightingale, skylark and woodlark are by no means overlooked. Three of these tunes reappeared in *The Beggar's Opera* of 1728. It is interesting to observe that the music uses an unfamiliar sign for the trill (or mordent): two parallel "tenuto" strokes above the note. In *The Ibis* (97, 1955, p. 240 ff.) as well as in *The Recorder News* (June 1957, no. 18) the editor has published further *Addenda et Corrigenda* to his well produced little manual which will delight every recorder player and, especially in its preface, interest the student of Handel's English period.

H. F. R.

Diderich Buxtehudes vokale kirkemusik. Studier til den evangeliske kirkekantates udviklingshistorie. Søren Sørensen. Pp. xii + 335, with a supplement of music examples, pp. 56. (Munksgaard, Copenhagen.) 1958. Cr. 38.00.

I doubt if any doctoral dissertation has ever appeared in a more handsome form. Mr. Sørensen is fortunate in his publishers. The type is beautiful to look at, the paper is of fine quality, and the music examples are a model of what such things should be. It is a pity that this immaculate presentation has not been devoted to a more profound study. No doubt as a doctoral dissertation it is admirable. There is a summary of the work of previous writers, a tabulation of the manuscript sources, a very thorough account of the work of Buxtehude's immediate predecessors, and a detailed examination of all his cantatas, with observations on their style and an attempted chronology. The book is a monument of industry on the best German model; but like its models it fails to tell us anything significant. Here is a typical passage from the discussion of the cantata *Pange lingua*:

Den indledende Sonata åbnes med devise-motivet fra 1. vers, "Pange lingua", med den usædvanlige, nedadspringende formindskede kvint i overstemmen, bestemt af harmonifølgen (over orgelpunkt): e: I-II+VII₆-I. Devisen i sonataen efterfølges af den ofte anvendte motivfigur i akkordgentagende 8.-delsbevægelse med skifte på hver halvnode og med en rytmisk fast udformning i hver takt. Sonataen slutter med en kadence i tredelt takt med dobbelt ekkovirkning.

There is not a single detail here which is not immediately obvious to anyone who looks at the music, of which Mr. Sørensen has given us an excellent edition in *Fire latinske kantater* (Samfundet til udgivelse af dansk musik, 1957). Observations of this kind tell us nothing; and there are hundreds of them in this book. One longs for something remotely approaching the humanism and critical appraisal of Pirro, whose book on Buxtehude, though in some respects out of date, is still unsurpassed.

Mr. Sørensen quite rightly stresses the debt that Buxtehude owed to Italian models, but he hardly seems to realize the extent to which the Italian style became international in the seventeenth century. Many of the examples given of Buxtehude's melodic and harmonic practice are nothing more than the current coin of the period, which could be illustrated equally well from the works of contemporary English composers. An author who writes about an individual musician needs something more than a capacity for drawing up statistics. He must get to know his subject as a person, and he must write in such a way that the reader is able to share this intimate knowledge. Mr. Sørensen is like some industrious representative of the Forestry Commission, conscientiously fulfilling an allotted task. The trees are all numbered, and every one bears a neatly inscribed label. But how about the wood?

Die Reihe. Edited by Herbert Eimert and Karlheinz Stockhausen. I: *Electronic Music*. Pp. vi + 62, ill. (Theodore Presser Co., Bryn Mawr; Universal Edition, London.) 1958. 15s.

This is an English version of the first issue (originally published in Vienna in 1955) of what is described as "a periodical devoted to developments in contemporary music". From the contents of the present volume and the announcement of its successors it is clear that the projected series is not strictly a periodical, in the accepted sense of the word, but a collection of booklets, each of which is devoted to a particular topic.

Since there is at present no English literature on electronic music, these essays deserve the attention of intelligent musicians. The subject is one that has already aroused violent antagonism, and the authors of the essays, all of whom are devotees, might have been forgiven if they had indulged in equally violent propaganda. It is to their credit that they have done nothing of the kind. They write in a consistently persuasive style, arguing gently with the opposition but quite firmly convinced that reason is on their side. It would be foolish to dismiss these arguments out of hand. Electronic music is not an arbitrary attempt to find new ways of treating traditional material. It is an exploration of the possibilities of using new material. One of the difficulties in the way of its appreciation, as several of our authors recognize, is that the ears of listeners are inevitably affected by familiar associations. This happens, of course, whenever we hear music in a wholly unfamiliar style—Oriental music, for instance, or early mediaeval polyphony. We relate what we hear to what we already know of other music. Anything that cannot be related in this way is dismissed as incomprehensible and therefore meaningless; and what remains acquires a purely fortuitous significance which has nothing to do with the real nature of the music and is, in fact, misleading. But with electronic music the difficulties and the consequent dangers are enormously greater. We may be quite unable to relate what we hear to any other music; we may even find associations in the noises of animals or machinery. The only real contact between electronic and traditional music is that both reach us through the medium of the ear.

Electronic music is still in its infancy. Available examples of it are few, and only a limited number of people can claim anything like a close acquaintance with it. A considered judgment must wait until it has become a more familiar feature of the contemporary scene. At the same time, it is possible to say, even at this stage, that there seems no absolute reason why the use of new materials should not produce artistic results nor any certainty that the human ear cannot be taught to appreciate them. It is not illogical to suppose that our present acceptance of startling new developments in means of communication and the maintenance of life may come to be matched by an equal acceptance of a new world of sound. The only disturbing element in the approved theory of the function of electronic music seems to be the elimination of the interpreter. In this new art the composer creates not only the sound but the performance. Anyone who has heard repeated performances of the same recording of a Beethoven symphony will know how wearisome the repetition can become. This is the one mechanical element in the transmission of traditional music that creates an obstacle to the fullest experience. It is a weakness of electronic music that it perpetuates precisely this mechanical element. Once a human being has designed an electrical device or a piece of machinery, we do not expect its operation to vary: provided it is faultless, the job it has to do excludes human intervention. But music is not machinery, even in a scientific age. We do not want our experience of it to be fossilized: we do not want it to continue relentlessly unchanged for ever and ever till kingdom come.

The anonymous translator of this booklet has done his work well. His English is smooth and idiomatic, apart from one or two unnecessary words like "compositional", so that the text is easy to follow, except possibly where it plunges into the higher mathematics. The reader's only complaint is that it all rather generalized. The writers keep on explaining what the aims of electronic music are and why it is a good thing, but do not tell us in sufficient detail exactly what the composer does when he is creating a new

piece. Two details that puzzled me may also puzzle others. Herbert Eimert tells us that Webern discovered "the single note". It is difficult to see in what sense awareness of the single note can be said to be the discovery of anyone, whether in the present century or at some earlier time. Most teachers of composition would agree that awareness of the single note is fundamental to the study of harmony and counterpoint; and there are plenty of examples in traditional music of places where a single note, devoid of any specific function, has considerable significance. The other curious passage occurs in the essay by Pierre Boulez,* who maintains that now "for the first time the musician has to deal with the idea of continuity". Either "continuity" has a special meaning for Mr. Boulez, or the contention is manifestly wrong. Continuity has always been one of the principal problems facing a composer. It is part of the essence of music, and it seems fantastic to suggest that its importance is now being discovered for the first time.

Handbuch der Formenlehre. Grundsätzliches zur musikalischen Formung. Helmut Degen. Pp. viii + 423. (Gustav Bosse Verlag, Regensburg.) 1957.

The dust-cover tells us that this book breaks away once and for all from the traditional conception of formal analysis. The author himself, in his opening chapter, protests against the rigidity of a system which expects every sonata to conform to a pre-determined pattern. So far there can be no disagreement. But we soon discover that we are offered a system which is no less rigid, in spite of the paraphernalia of aesthetic speculation in which it is dressed up. Quite early we are expected to differentiate between *Form*, *Formung* and *Formtypus*; and once the generalities are over we are presented with a set of definitions as immutable as geometric propositions. To take a single example, there is a great to-do about the difference between *Figur* and *Motiv*; but this difference is never made clear. It is true that Mr. Degen tells us: "Die Gegensätzlichkeit von Figur und Motiv ist begründet in der Polarität künstlerischen Schaffens". But this is merely one of those splendid German sentences that mean nothing at all, except possibly in German. We turn hopefully to the definitions: "Die Figur ist. . . Gesetz für die Fortspinnung"; "Das Motiv führt zur Entwicklung". Still unsatisfied we look at some of the examples. The opening of the C minor Fugue from the first book of the "48" is apparently a *Figur*: the opening of Beethoven's fifth Symphony is a *Motiv*. Much later in the book there is an analysis of the G minor Fugue from the first book of the "48" in which we are warned at least twice that there are "zwei Figuren, nicht zwei Motive". There is a further explanation: "Ein Motiv müsste entweder sich steigern oder sich sequenzartig 'entwickeln', bis die sich stauende Bewegung in sich zerfällt". It is difficult to see why a *Motiv* must conform to these conditions; and though anyone would be prepared to agree that there are not two *Motive* in the Bach fugue, it is difficult to see why the two *Figuren* should not be accepted as a single *Motiv*. But this apparently will not do. The two *Figuren* constitute a *Thema*, but not a *Motiv*.

With all this juggling with definitions it is not surprising that the opening discussion plunges into such a sea of abstractions that it is difficult to keep one's feet on the ground. Not content with *Gehalt*, *Inhalt*, *Urform des Etwas* and the rest of the menagerie, Mr. Degen has to drag in *Gott*, *Mensch* and *Natur*. We seem at times to have floated back into the world of the mediaeval theorists or the speculations of Oriental mystics. As early as p. 10 we read:

Das Kunstwerk ist eine mikrokosmische Formung der göttlichen makrokosmischen Ordnung, eine Spiegelung der grossen natürlichen Schöpferordnung.

This may or may not be true; but in any case it does not help us materially to understand the nature and diversity of musical form. Mr. Degen sets his sights high. God is frequently referred to; exclamation marks are lavishly employed. But curiously enough, when we come to an actual discussion of specific forms, our author is not very helpful.

* The reader may be amused at an unfortunate misprint in the translator's preface on p. vi, where Boulez emerges as Bouzel! [Ed.]

He tells us that the characteristic form of the *Sturm und Drang* period is the Rondo. This is peculiar enough, but when we go on to read that the Rondo "ist Symbol für die Tendenz einer typenmässigen Erstarrung dieser Zeit" we begin to feel that this is getting beyond a joke. Shades of Haydn—not to mention Mozart! As for the larger forms of musical expression, they are ignominiously bundled into a short section at the end. Opera is summarized in two and a quarter pages. We note incidentally that recitative is described as one of the *Fantasieformtypen*.

There are a large number of music examples, but they are printed in such small type that it is often difficult to decide whether accidentals are sharps or naturals. The older ones seem consistently to be taken not from *Gesamtausgaben* or standard publications but from historical works like Bessler's *Musik des Mittelalters und der Renaissance*. This may possibly be forgiven a busy writer. Even so Mr. Degen should have known that the double example on p. 100 is not from Monteverdi's *Orfeo* but from Peri's *Euridice*; nor are the passages quoted sung by Eurydice. The difficulty of studying the examples is increased by the fact that the sources for them are relegated to an appendix. They are sometimes referred to in the text by number; but as in fact they are not numbered the reader is driven to look at yet another appendix, where the references to numbered examples are corrected to page references. This confusion is cheerfully explained by the note: "Aus technischen Gründen konnten die Hinweise auf Beispiele und Anmerkungen nicht mehr geändert werden"; but it is difficult to see what technical reasons could have been strong enough to induce a reputable publisher to allow this muddle to see the light of day.

The Organ Music of Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck. By Robert L. Tusler. Pp. 144, with a supplement of illustrations and music examples, pp. 97. (Creyghton, Bilthoven.) 1958.

Mr. Tusler's modest volume is the first of a new series published on behalf of the Institute of Musicology at Utrecht. It does not seem to aim at being an exhaustive treatise, but within its limits it is clearly and sensibly written, though occasionally a little naive in its judgments. There is a useful sketch of Sweelinck's life and cultural background, a discussion of some representative organs of the period (with some tolerably good plates in the supplement), and a few notes on performance which are rather too summary to be of any use to inexperienced players. In between come chapters on Sweelinck's predecessors, Sweelinck and his contemporaries, and Sweelinck and his successors. The last of these is not entirely relevant, except in the discussion of Scheidt, who deserved a fuller treatment. Neither Titelouze nor Frescobaldi can legitimately be described as Sweelinck's successors, and Mr. Tusler can bring them into the picture only by manufacturing resemblances or pointing out differences between his work and theirs.

In his discussion of the music he is much given to analytical diagrams—an amiable pastime which does nobody any harm but cannot be said to be of much advantage to anyone. We are told, for example, that a *ricercar* by Cavazzoni consists of five sections: bars 1-42, 43-71, 72-84, 85-100, and 101 to the end. But this is no help to an understanding of the music, nor is the additional information that an analysis of the thematic material gives us the form A-B-C-A'-C'. We still have no idea what the music is like, whether these sections derive significance from the thematic material or fail to justify it, and so on. Side by side with this precise tabulation Mr. Tusler gives us a number of generalizations about the period which have not always been carefully considered and in some cases are wrong. I am not quite sure precisely what he means by his use of the word "Renaissance"; but whatever he means it is not true to say that "Renaissance style was a vocal style and essentially contrapuntal". There are plenty of fifteenth-century examples to the contrary. Nor is it true that "the term 'toccata' generally indicates a work devoted to virtuosity and intended to impress the listener with the

performer's digital skill", as indeed Mr. Tusler himself recognizes when he comes to write about Frescobaldi.

His passion for dividing pieces into sections leads to some curiously arbitrary analyses of Sweelinck's fantasias. It is difficult to believe that anyone hearing these pieces would be aware of Mr. Tusler's divisions. In fact, the works show a remarkable continuity, which does not readily submit to the analyst's chopper, even where the composer himself has indicated intermediate pauses. In some of them the listener will be aware of changes of figuration which have something of the character of variations; but these are not the divisions which Mr. Tusler regards as decisive. He is quite ready to be lured by a cadence into announcing that a new section has begun, in spite of the fact that there is nothing in the thematic material or the figuration to make one conscious of a change. How little he understands the nature of sectional treatment is clear from his remark on Frescobaldi's four-part fantasias: "Structurally these fantasias are similar to those of Sweelinck, since they are made up of contrasting sections varying in length and mood". In fact, there is hardly any basis for comparison. In Frescobaldi the sections are clearly defined and contrasted: in Sweelinck they are virtually non-existent except in the analyst's imagination.

It is a pity that Mr. Tusler's zeal for patterns on paper has led him into this barren investigation. He obviously admires Sweelinck's music, and his enthusiasm is far removed from the arid criticism of style which too often masquerades as musicology. He also uses a refreshingly simple vocabulary and only occasionally lapses into hideous words like "motoristic". If he could free himself from the discipline of the Continental seminar and tackle his problems with an unbiased mind, he might make a quite useful contribution to the study of this period. He clearly has a good idea of how to put a book together. There are one or two minor errors in this volume but they are not very important. The church of St. Peter ad Vincula, for example, is described as being at Whitehall, presumably because its organ was formerly in the Banqueting Hall there; and the name of Correa de Arauxo is misprinted several times in the supplement. He should, however, be a little more careful about his music examples. It is not enough simply to photograph the editions from which they are taken. The extract from Redford's "O Lux withe a meane" on p. 47 of the supplement is printed from an edition which makes nonsense of the final cadence.

Die Kammermusik Alt-Englands vom Mittelalter bis zum Tode Henry Purcells. By Ernst Hermann Mayer. Translated by Gerda Becher. Pp. xvi + 371, ill. (Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig.) 1958.

The English edition* of Dr. Meyer's book was first published in 1946 and reprinted in 1951. Everyone who has used it will have found it indispensable: there is no other single work that covers the same ground. At the same time there must be many readers who have been irritated, mildly or furiously according to their temperament, by its irrelevancies and by an interpretation of history which is often wilful and sometimes distorted. The opening chapter on the mediaeval background is packed with fascinating information, drawn without much discrimination from a variety of sources; but a good deal of this has no direct connection with the subject of the book. The general tone of the book is made clear from a sentence in the preface: "It was my study of the works of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels which finally led me to venture the attempt to represent a period of musical history as a natural part of a general social development". This means in practice that if the facts do not fit, they must be adapted to the prescribed pattern.

The German edition is in many ways a more attractive volume than its English original. The music examples are beautifully engraved, as one might expect from these publishers, and there are no fewer than 21 illustrations, including a very curious portrait of Purcell. Dr. Meyer has taken advantage of a new edition to bring his book up-to-date.

* For a review by Egon Wellesz, see MR/VIII, p. 151. [Ed.]

The origins of the *In Nomine* are no longer a mystery, and a number of recent publications are noted in the introduction. The revision might very well have been more extensive. For instance, although the *Musica Britannica* volume of *Jacobean Consort Music* is mentioned in the introduction, there is no reference to it in the footnote which lists modern editions of Holborne's dances. The Old Hall manuscript is still assigned to the reign of Henry VI, the *lyra da gamba* is still oddly included among the forerunners of the violin family, and Dr. Meyer seems to be unaware of the existence of Professor Woodfill's *Musicians in English Society*. How far the music examples have been re-checked I do not know; but at least one of them—a three-part fantasia by Thomas Lupo, here printed on p. 166—contains the same errors as in the English edition. It is a pity, too, that more attention has not been given to Coprario, much of whose work is now generally accessible.

When we turn to the historical comments, we find that the leopard has not changed his spots. "It is the popular qualities of" *Sumer is icumen in* "which make it appear so vigorous and, after all these centuries, so delightful to sing and listen to", regardless of the fact that similar melodic idioms are to be found in thirteenth-century church music. English music of the late sixteenth century is said to show new features—"sweetness, charm, loveliness, magic"—in spite of the fact that these qualities occur also in mediaeval music and are often mentioned in literature. In the discussion of Elizabethan and Jacobean music there is a reference to "the new and musically educated general public" without any explanation of who the general public were or any evidence that they were educated. Perhaps oddest of all is the account given of the origins of the Civil War: "The stand of the bourgeoisie and parliament to maintain themselves against Charles' increasingly aggressive demands, in the end united all the forces interested in breaking the feudal bonds". This attitude is emphasized in the new edition in the reference in the table of contents to "Die Feudalaristokratie Karls I. und ihre Kultur". It seems strange at this date that anyone should imagine that Charles I's rule was feudal or that the Civil War was a simple conflict between aristocracy and people.

Enough has been said to show that Dr. Meyer's book is much the same as before. Used with circumspection it is still extremely useful, and if in its new dress it does something to awaken German musicians to the rich resources of English instrumental music it will have justified its re-issue.

Documenta Musicologica. Erste Reihe: Druckschriften-Faksimiles.

- XI. Fray Juan Bermudo: *Declaracion de Instrumentos musicales* (1955). Edited by Macario Santiago Kastner. Fo. 141. 1957. 61s. 6d.
- XII. Giovanni Battista Bovicelli: *Regole, Passaggi di musica* (1594). Edited by Nanie Bridgman. Pp. 88. 1957. 16s. 6d.
- XIII. Francisco Salinas: *De Musica* (1577). Edited by Macario Santiago Kastner. Pp. xiv + 456. 1958.
(Bärenreiter-Verlag, Kassel & Basle.)

Titles of books can be curiously deceptive. Bermudo's *Declaracion* is concerned with a great deal more than instruments and instrumental playing. On the other hand, Salinas' *De Musica* is devoted almost entirely to acoustics and metrics. Bermudo's work is known to modern readers principally from the extracts in Kinkeldey's *Orgel und Klavier in der Musik der XVI Jahrhundert* and the examples of keyboard tablature given in books on notation. The publication of the facsimile is an opportunity to study in detail what he has to say about the harp, vihuela and guitar. The frequent references to earlier and contemporary composers are not the least valuable part of the treatise. It is a pity that the commendatory letter from Morales, printed at the beginning of the fifth book, is not more personal in expression.

Salinas' book is an astonishing achievement for man who was blind from early childhood. It would be difficult to imagine a more imposing exposition of mediaeval theory.

Yet one cannot help wondering why, in an age of lively experiment, so many sixteenth-century writers were content to spend much of their time on speculations which were current in the Middle Ages and derive ultimately from the Greeks. One cannot imagine a modern writer producing anything comparable to Salinas' discussion of St. Augustine's theories of rhythm. At the same time we have here one of the fullest accounts of mean-tone tuning—a subject which was very much in the air at the time—as well as a criticism of Vicentino's *arcicembalo*. It is ironical that the chief interest of Salinas' work lies in something which he would have regarded as merely incidental—the quotation of fragments of popular Italian and Spanish songs. It is a little surprising to meet in the middle of serious discussion a ditty sung by the sellers of roasted chestnuts in Rome. If only the quotations were complete, we should have here a valuable little anthology of sixteenth-century popular song.

Bovicelli was a singer in the cathedral choir at Milan. His instructions for ornamenting a vocal line are as thorough as anyone could wish them to be. It is particularly instructive to compare the examples marked "poor" with those which receive approval. The examples of soprano parts from works by Palestrina, Victoria and other sixteenth-century composers, together with the suggested ornamentation, are a valuable guide to the practice of the times. It would be a mistake to assume that everyone treated vocal music as elaborately as this; but one must assume that Bovicelli did so himself and that numbers of his contemporaries followed the same routine.

The facsimiles are clearly printed on good paper, but the dark brown ink used for Bermudo's treatise is very tiring to the eyes.

J. A. W.

Review of Music

Joseph Haydn. *Werke*. Reihe XXIII, Band 2: *Messen*, Nr. 5–8. Edited by H. C. Robbins Landon, in association with Karl Heinz Füssl and Christa Landon. G. Henle Verlag, Munich-Duisburg. 1958.

The first volume of the new Haydn edition will be welcomed with the hope that it will be more successful than its abortive predecessors. The format is a little smaller than that of the volumes issued by the Haydn Society and exactly the same size as the new complete editions of Bach, Handel and Mozart. The engraving is excellent, and the whole presentation of the volume promises well for the future. The first four Masses were published by the Haydn Society in 1951 and according to the prospectus will not be re-issued in this edition until a later date. The present volume contains the *Missa Brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo* (*Kleine Orgelmesse*), the *Missa Cellensis* (*Mariazellermesse*), the *Missa in tempore belli* (*Paukenmesse*) and the *Missa Sancti Bernardi von Offida* (*Heiligmesse*). The finest of these is undoubtedly the well-known *Missa in tempore belli* (1796), with its dramatic and menacing use of timpani in the *Agnus*. But the whole volume offers a splendid conspectus of Haydn's skill as a contrapuntist and of his superb melodic gift.

In his preface Mr. Robbins Landon emphasizes the importance of the separate parts, where these are available, in establishing an authentic text. Haydn's autograph scores are by no means an infallible court of appeal: he was apt to change his mind after a rehearsal, but without incorporating the changes in his score. In such cases the evidence of the parts is invaluable. A special interest in this volume lies in the sketches for the *Heiligmesse*, which are printed in an appendix. As Mr. Robbins Landon points out, sketches made by composers earlier than Beethoven are by no means common. A comparison in this case between the first ideas and the finished work throws a good deal of light on Haydn's methods of composition.

The editorial work appears to have been done with scrupulous care and also serves a practical purpose, since the additions in brackets are of the kind that would be needed for a performance. The first page of the autograph score of the *Missa in tempore belli* serves as a frontispiece. It seems a pity that the third volume of Masses is not included among the works destined for publication in the near future.

J. A. W.

Gramophone Records

Bach: Concerto in C minor for two harpsichords and orchestra, BWV 1060.

Concerto No. 5 in F minor for harpsichord and orchestra, BWV 1056.

Concerto in C major for two harpsichords and orchestra, BWV 1061.

The Philomusica of London, c. Thurston Dart. Soloists: Thurston Dart and Denis Vaughan. Oiseau-Lyre OL 50165.

I am sorry I cannot join in the chorus of praise about this series—the complete orchestral works of Bach—intoned by Peter J. Pirie in this journal. The present disc is the first of those covering the concertos, and if they are to go on like this, it can, so far as I am concerned, remain the last. Mr. Dart is an outstanding musician; when left to himself, as in the F minor Concerto, he can be a profoundly inspired one. Nevertheless, I shall not let him get away with it, all the less so since everybody else will.

For who can fail to be impressed by so much historical accuracy? We get the lot. The Corelli bows are there, as is the *arco* in the slow movement of the C minor (since naughty Friedemann is supposed to be responsible for the *pizzicato*) and Mr. Dart's own musicological sleeve note, complete with his assurance that "the original bowings and phrasings" are "heard in all their clarity". The only remaining shadow of a doubt is whether the gramophone and record production were in exactly the same state at Bach's time as they are now, and whether the fancy recording which reaches my ears is part and parcel of this wonderful journey through the sound-ideals of a remote past as guaranteed by harpsichords and Corelli bows. Or perhaps the recording is only meant to help towards re-establishing the acoustic conditions of a live performance in Bach's time, in which case the sleeve note ought to have instructed us about the probability of Bach's listeners having been placed inside the harpsichord, or else lain under it.

But let us proceed from sound to sense, or rather nonsense. To describe the performance of the C major as unrhythmical, for instance, would be euphemistic. The fact is that on top and at the bottom of self-conscious and perfectly inane phrasings (those "original" ones, no doubt, which can, alas, be heard in all their clarity), people simply aren't in time, and the first thing Mr. Dart ought to get himself in the circumstances is a conductor—if, that is, he himself is otherwise occupied. Nor is the first movement of the C minor much better in this respect; as for the rhythm of the musicological accompaniment in the second, it is a musical outrage. I regret I never listened to the end; I did not want to risk a nervous breakdown.

This, then, is the "monumental, definitive set" of which Mr. Pirie is dreaming (see this journal, August, 1958, p. 259). The reason why these worthy historical performances always tend to go wrong is that the music is seen and played in the light of its historical requirements. Superficially, this is a sound proposition, but it doesn't stand a moment's concrete, musical thought. The only possible starting-point for a real interpretation is your spontaneous understanding of the music, and where that fails you, historicism won't help. On the contrary, the musicological conscience easily inhibits musical understanding—whenever, that is, you are required to do something which you can't spontaneously do. Let me put an extreme case: a born pianist who at the same time is a good, but unspontaneous fiddler will give a more truthful interpretation of the Bach Chaconne on the piano, in Busoni's arrangement, than on the violin. Sense first! Is

this such an extraordinary request? I am not an enemy of musicology, of the historical text. But the primacy of musicality has to be absolute, incorruptible even by a musicological conscience. If and when you feel you can fulfil musicological requirements in the light of your musicality, of your immediate and crystal-clear understanding of how the thing goes (and it is easy to cheat oneself and—ah!—see the musical point of many a musicological requirement which, in reality, is out of interpretative date), then and there is the time and place to yield to the demands of history. Always try to heed the text, but not at the expense of the music! There is many a textual detail which great musicians don't reproduce just *because* they see its musical point and therefore know how they will best make it. In a word, heed the text as an effect of the music, not as its cause. A year's irresponsible music-making would make Mr. Dart into a musician who would overwhelm us all.

Mozart: *String Quartets K.171 in E flat, K.172 in B flat, K.173 in D minor.*

Barchet Quartet.

Vox PL 10,630.

These are bad recordings (the plural is necessary because they differ) of bad performances of bad quartets, a few flashes in the D minor one apart. Every copy sold is a cultural tragedy. I don't suggest this; I know it. By nothing am I hampered more in my teaching, even of g.ited professional ensembles, than by the influence of this kind of gramophone record. If you want the death of chamber music on every conceivable level, this is it.

When all is said and done, the most harmful aspect is perhaps that of performance. Superficial slickness beguiles the inexperienced listener, the virginal player, even if he is musical. He can't help it. He has learnt to be technique-conscious; he is over-aware of tonal problems which these chaps on the disc, supported as they are by an unrealistic recording, seem to have solved. He spontaneously admires and unconsciously imitates. His critical faculty is paralysed by his own inferiority feelings. "If I think this is bad, what will they think about me?" Concentrating on the absence of technical friction, he does not even give himself a chance to notice the musical nonsense, all the less so when every idiocy is presented by way of the most "beautiful" sound, as for instance the inner parts' accompaniment of the first fiddle in the *adagio* (one of Mozart's relatively few) of the B flat Quartet. In a healthy musical society, such playing would be regarded as a parody by the most ignorant of amateurs.

Something has to be done. I am trying my best, both practically and literarily. But I can hardly save chamber music single-handed. Musical people of the world, unite! Smash those unbreakable LP's! Clean your ears through your mind! Get out the music stands, even if you haven't played for years, sit down to it, and forget, for the moment, all about your weak *spiccato* which prevented you from continuing your studies and growing into the Heifetz you are at heart; but, for the sake of the highest instrumental form's survival, make sense!

And don't play the quartets here recorded.

THE SCHÖNBERG LIBRARY

Schönberg: "*Verklärte Nacht*" and first chamber *Symphony*.

Südwestfunk Orchestra, Baden-Baden, c. Horenstein.

Vox PL 10,460.

Vox are attempting a splendid job in opening a Schönberg library. They recently started with the violin and piano concertos, and the present two works are likewise well chosen as a record, for they both show the composer's lifelong preoccupation with single-movement form and throw his essentially chamber-musical mode of thought into relief—even though the more strictly *chamber*-musical of the two, *i.e.* the symphonic poem (the first chamber-musical one in history), is once again played in the string-orchestral version, which, admittedly, is the composer's own. The sextet version is

available on Telefunken LCB 8118 in a performance by the Hollywood String Quartet with Alvin Dinkin and Kurt Reher, which cannot be recommended; and Vox would have done well at long last to offer a passable performance of this original and preferable version. (The composer preferred it too.) We know, of course, why it never happens: the work is very difficult to play (as a recent radio performance by the Martin String Quartet with Gwynne Edwards and Florence Hooton again showed), and while people think they can risk a less than adequate performance where they believe they are hiding behind a very new idiom, *Verklärte Nacht* is by now a dangerous proposition from this point of view.

So far, Vox' splendid job has indeed been one in principle rather than in execution. Horenstein does get some passion into his reading of *Verklärte Nacht*, but it isn't quite the right kind of passion that has to ignore many of the composer's directions in order to manifest itself. Thus, ironically enough, still the best performance of the work available on disc is that by the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra under Kletzki (Columbia 33CX 1251); but again I for one cannot recommend it because it is mutilated by a savage cut (about which I had a savagely polite row with Kletzki at a reception at the Israeli Embassy in The Hague).

Nevertheless, the symphonic poem is still slightly better played than the chamber Symphony, which is riddled with wrong accents. In fact, the interpretation evinces a general disregard for the structure as well as the admittedly very complex—some miscall it "overstuffed"—texture of the work. A great pity, this, for a good recorded performance of this all-important piece, which is not yet receiving very many performances, would be even more urgently needed than one of the better-known and more easily accessible *Verklärte Nacht*.

The latter, incidentally, shows how, why, and when Schönberg writes consecutives if and when he writes them, which is virtually never:



For easier reference for those who don't know the work, I might add that this is bar 231 *ff.*, nine bars before figure M (Universal Edition have not yet published a score with numbered bars); in other words, it is the beginning of the fourth, penultimate section. (Both the present works have five sections with sections II and IV forming a basic structural contrast to the other three!) The passage and its continuation correspond to the words

*Das Kind das Du empfangen hast,
sei Deiner Seele keine Last . . .*

[May the child you have conceived
be no burden to your soul . . .]

in Richard Dehmel's poem on which the entire form is based. These fifths, it will be noted, are "hidden" in the opposite of the technical sense of the term: "hidden consecutives" are easily heard but somewhat hidden from the eye of a reader who doesn't listen while he reads, whereas Schönberg's straightforward consecutive fifths are obvious to the eye, yet hidden from the ear—as I was able multiply to ascertain this summer when I was teaching at the Summer School of Music. On the journey back to London, one of the composer students happened to read the score of *Verklärte Nacht*, and I drew his, and two of his colleagues' attention to the above passage. I subsequently tried the experiment on several people, but none of them had ever heard the fifths.* I don't

* I find that one writer, and one writer only, mentions them: Dika Newlin in *Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg*, New York, 1947, p. 214.

blame them. Why not? And why are the consecutives there anyway? Answers to the Editor. First prize: no more questions. Second prize: two more questions. Consolation prize: the answer.

In the circumstances, it would be hardly realistic to go into the details of the recording defects, though their presence must be set down for future reference. H. K.

ON THE PERFORMANCE OF BEETHOVEN

Beethoven: the nine symphonies.

The N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, with Eileen Farrell, Nan Merriman, Jan Peerce, Norman Scott, the Robert Shaw Chorale, c. Toscanini.

RCA RB-16101/7.

The music of Beethoven may perhaps be best understood in terms of sonata form. This may sound like a truism, but a moment's reflection will reveal that it is more true, in a deeper and wider sense, of this one composer than any other. No other composer of his stature wrote such a large proportion of his output in this form. Moreover, Beethoven lived at the historically necessary time for his contribution to the history of the sonata structure, which was climactic; all following him may be seen in terms of declension, if not decay. It so happens that the formal and dramatic requirements of the form are such that the moment of the passing over of the classical eighteenth century into the romantic nineteenth, with the consequent perfect balance, upon the apex of an arch of historical development, of the classical and romantic styles, provided the ideal conditions for its perfecting; and that these conditions were likewise fulfilled by the peculiar genius of Beethoven. In Beethoven, more than the pupil of Haydn, the vast arch of diatonic harmony, raised to its loftiest span, braced alike the confines of his thought and that sonata structure of which it is the very foundation; after him, the diatonic key system began to crumble.

Again, we are apt to think of this classical system of sonata structure as German; but the Mannheim composers were largely Czech in origin, Italy contributed the lion's share to the development of that string technique which is the foundation of the modern orchestra, and most of the great symphonists were Austrian or Bohemian, with Brahms as the only native German; Beethoven himself was Dutch by name and ancestry.

But we speak of Beethoven as universal, and in the sheer perfection of his style at its best we find that perfect structure, clear-toned scoring based on the *tutti*, and majestic utterance that we recognize as classical and mistake for German. The true German tradition was established by that line of composers who culminated in J. S. Bach, cerebral, linear, and introspective, and fugue, in many ways the opposite of sonata, was its expression; Reger, not the Bohemian Mahler, was its last great exponent.

The Beethoven symphony, then, is the apex of the sonata tradition, which is homophonic, tonal, and international; his personal contributions were based on a realization of the dramatic possibilities arising from the conflict between the first and second subject groups, and the psychological effects of the interaction of tonality and time; particularly long stretches of time. These led to a vast increase of the time-sense, and also to the extension of the function of those very Beethovenian points of structure, the introduction and the coda. All these points have a bearing on the performance of his works, as has also the tendency of the orchestra since his time to take the weight from wind and brass and increase that of the strings; a massive body of string tone, against which the winds are heard as soloists when the strings are silent or toned down, and which is capable of balancing all but the largest of brass sections, is the characteristic of the modern orchestra. It is designed for music of a colourful or rhapsodic nature, the very opposite of the classical symphony, which is based on the concerto *tutti*; the modern orchestra implies the *ripieno*, which is supplied by the modern composer in the form of colour-writing. The dramatic element in the Beethoven symphony only makes sense if we realize two things; first, that as Tovey pointed out, it is purely musical drama, based on

the very nature of music itself, and consequently not remotely connected with opera; and secondly, and this is most important, that the violence only makes its full effect when related to Beethoven's most characteristic tenderness. Without this foil it exhausts and defeats itself. Beethoven covered the whole range of human expression and experience, and the conductor who forgets his humour, for one thing, is lost; many kinds of humour, from the macabre and weird to the witty and tender; but all expressed in music. And, above all, contained in the self-complete compass of reason, order, and lovely, sane, living structure.

In the light of these essential facts I would now like to criticize in detail these performances of all the Beethoven symphonies under the baton of the same forceful artist.

Generally speaking, Toscanini's records have been the worst recorded discs ever issued. His pre-war records of the fifth and *Eroica* symphonies were so bad as to be almost unplayable. Only his English records—those of the first, fourth, and sixth symphonies of Beethoven with the BBC Symphony Orchestra were tolerable at all. The versions he made of the Beethoven symphonies on long playing records were little if any better; the same studio was used,* and much the same characteristic was in evidence. Almost incredibly dead, with the one resonance dangerously high, the shrill, tearing, noisy and bassless sound became notorious. If these discs retained all the old characteristics there would be little point in reviewing them at all. But the masters have been cut anew from the tapes, and every modern device of technical editing has evidently been lavished on them to make the worst of them sound tolerable, while it is evident that the best only needed careful cutting of the lacquers to render them at least tolerable—we have not, in the old issues by EMI, been hearing even the best of what the tapes could give.

They have also been rearranged on the discs to make a handy stack of seven records, and this re-sorting has made several felicitous arrangements of single discs. One of the happiest is RB-16101; symphonies 1 and 2.

The sleeve notes vary widely; never really inspired, they descend at the worst to flatulent drivel. I need not refer to them again. These two symphonies present serious difficulties of style. Not in the least like the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, they nevertheless belong to the same tradition. They represent Beethoven clumsily finding himself, using an alien medium for his very individual thought. The first is smaller in spirit than the *opus* 18 quartets or the first Concerto; it might almost be a parody of the eighteenth-century symphony. The second contains many passages that are pure Beethoven, notably the glorious freakish finale, but is still unrealized over all; the first movement I have always felt to be weak. Performing them is a problem; audiences find them dull and stay away. One method might be to play them with maximum efficiency, as fast as possible, and to try at all costs (rather vainly) to make them sound exciting. A desperate measure; and on this record, amazingly, it comes off. A better idea would be to lavish the same care upon them that Weingartner and Beecham were wont to; some passages would inevitably drag, but the result would be stylistically more correct. However, there is no doubt that on this disc they go with a bang and do not drag, and also that the result is attractive, up to a point. This raises the principal problem of the whole set. Beethoven's metronome marks are usually considered to be fast, but Toscanini keeps up with them, and in moments of excitement, easily outstrips them. It is the ruthless, unremitting drive and unchanging ferocity of his readings that mark them out from all others. In the pair of symphonies on this record the treatment does no great harm, except perhaps in the middle movements of the D major Symphony; here the speed is surely excessive. However, since the recording is quite tolerable, though hardly high fidelity, and the treatment exciting and blessedly free from those ghastly knife-edge *sforzandi* that disfigure so many readings of these works, the

* I learn that the third Symphony, at any rate, in the present set was made in Carnegie Hall; it made little difference.

record is distinctly competitive with the other (not very distinguished) versions in the catalogue; but fine readings, well recorded, would easily put them out of court.

The next three symphonies present a different case. RB-16102; symphony no. 3, and RB-16103; nos. 4 and 5.

All three are presented in recordings that, even after considerable technical doctoring, remain so bad that only the most superlative performance would justify their existence. In my opinion none of the performances are anything like superlative, and all three symphonies can be considered to be sunk without trace. The *Eroica* receives by far the best performance, and the recording has had a minor miracle worked upon it; but whereas in its old state it sounded shrill and tearing, it now sounds so dead and muffled that the effect is most peculiar; an improvement has, however, been made. Nothing could improve the opening chords; the well known description of these is that they sound like a revolver fired in a petrol can. So from the beginning we come upon the snag that affects all these discs, more or less; all *sforzandi* chords, regardless of the basic *tempo*, are played like demi-semiquavers in a *prestissimo*. Some of them are just split second distortions; this is Toscanini's fault, not the recorder's. In any case, why did he use this dreadful studio? There is more than a little evidence that he was completely deaf to orchestral timbre. Throughout the trumpets sound shrill; listen to their dark toned majesty on Klemperer's record (33CX 1346) and realize that even these are not as dark and massive as the natural trumpets Beethoven had in mind. A few details; the impatient drive, which in this work is more a matter of undue *stretti*, particularly in loud passages, rather than basic *tempo*, causes some peculiar things to happen; for instance, bars 206-217 in the first movement sound jerky and rough. So does the string rhythm at bars 320-330. The short, hurried *sforzandi* chords rob the coda of this movement not only of majesty, but of excitement too; another result of this petulant rhythmic treatment is to shorten rests. Really dreadful abbreviated chords occur in bar 78 of the funeral march. The great outburst at bar 158 falls flat; I think the recording is to blame here, but I note with interest that Toscanini plays the preceding whole bar A flat loudly, instead of at the customary *pianissimo*. And so on. Small points, perhaps? But they all add up to a performance that, although good by most standards, combines with the poor recording to render the disc greatly inferior to the great Klemperer version mentioned above—the spaciousness and easy power, steady *tempi* and rich orchestral sounds of the finale in this version wipe Toscanini's fussy, jerky, ill-toned reading right out of the mind. The fourth Symphony is given a reading that is wrong from start to finish, and the performance of the Fifth would be bad at a "Prom". Strong words to use of the impeccable Toscanini? I intend to justify them.

With the fourth Symphony we come to the first mature example of Beethoven's lyrical vein that we have met in this account, and we come up against Toscanini's inability to relax. The atmosphere of the slow introduction to the first movement can only be called melodramatic. The *adagio* is very slow indeed, and there is not only an absence of through beat, but also a tendency, derived from this approach, to play each note separately, with a minimum of phrasing. This gives the whole passage a completely static and quite unmysterious feeling; instead of groping towards some revelation, we are lost in darkness; the sense of meaninglessness would make this account ideal background music to "Malone Dies". We are just going nowhere. So when the great burst of sunshine strikes down upon us at the *allegro*, these things, and the quite stiff and unmoulded treatment of bars 30 to 35—cataleptic conducting if ever there was—make the *allegro* a meaningless intrusion; there is no relation to what should have been a psychic sense of expectancy like the odd numb sense of irrevocable change that precedes falling in love. (I believe the whole symphony to be not unconnected with just this set of feelings.) The *allegro* itself is taken with unbending ferocity; the opening rhythmic figure is slapped out with a hard and military accent, as if this were some barrack-room tragedy. This awful earnestness, and cataleptic phrasing, persist throughout the movement, robbing it of the tenderness, the grace, the April sunshine, that belong to this Symphony alone, and make it unique in music. I agree with the Editor of this journal

that the version by Mengelberg on Telefunken SK 2794/7 fulfills all the requirements for playing this movement; and it could not well be more different. Note the exquisite through phrasing of bars 25 to 40, with the realization that the whole passage is one phrase leading to an *allegro* that should have the liquid grace of a dance; "From you I have been absent in the spring, when proud pied April, deck'd in all his trim. . .".

The slow movement is one of the most beautiful, and one of the most difficult, in all Beethoven. Here this great master is completely at the mercy of his interpreter, and some dreadful things have been done; it is just no use playing the notes as they stand. I am not advocating exaggerated *rubato*; I am saying that the conductor of this movement must be a great singer, with a singer's sense of the subtle moulding of every phrase.

It is possible that Mengelberg is a little free with the *tempi* and phrasing in this slow movement—I do not really care, for the result is a dream of beauty. The notoriously difficult feat of fitting the ticking accompaniment figure into the texture is solved by him as if it did not exist—with Toscanini it is just there, take it or leave it, in a brisk run-through of the music, played as written with no very great attention to Beethoven's marked phrasing; Mengelberg uses its steady beat as a pulse that propels the music on its tender throbbing—so when he comes to passages like bar 49 *et seq.* the logic of the veiled excitement that lies beneath the ecstatic singing of the strings bursting suddenly out and overwhelming the music is manifest. Toscanini merely provides a rather coarse loud outburst that does not seem to have much to do with bar one. The flute run at bar 64 is my last illustration. In Toscanini's version he obviously notices the change of orchestral texture at bar 65 and makes a break, barely perceptible, to let it through; perfectly logical and entirely unmusical, for it gives the nightmare feeling of a ladder leaning on nothing. The last two movements are played so loudly and coarsely that I see no point in wasting time on them.

I have spent some time on the fourth Symphony because its reading throws so much light on what was wrong with Toscanini's conception of Beethoven. I shall deal with the Fifth more briefly. Comparison with the version by Kleiber on Decca LXT 5358 shows no drastic difference in *tempi*, except in one or two crucial places; but Kleiber's utterly controlled, detailed, thoughtful, and clearly phrased version stands head and shoulders above the Toscanini reading. Hurried, untidy, jumpy playing is the main fault; but also thin nasal trumpets, horns that squeak and hoot like ocarinas, and a general sense of haste and untidiness. There is some ragged string playing and even a false entry. One point shall suffice to give the general trend. The great transition from the scherzo to the finale. The scherzo has been hurried, with weak horns and hysterical, untidy double-bass playing; now Toscanini rushes into the great darkness as if it did not matter, with loud, unrhythmic string playing and timpani trying to keep up; it is all over in a moment, and quite meaningless; the loud, strepitous, vulgar reading of the finale follows. It is only fair to say that this travesty is Toscanini far below his best.

RB-16104 Symphony no. 6.

This is Toscanini at his best. As far as the first two movements go, I would only remember a magical performance with Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic that was summed up by one critic with the one evocative word "Wienerwald" before giving this reading my complete approval. The scherzo I will enthuse over; the peasant's band is very good, if one forgets a weak bassoon; the storm is simply tremendous, and I have never heard a finer reading. But then he pitches headlong into a dry, fast, unsympathetic reading of the finale as though he had a train to catch. The townsman! Nevertheless, a very fine reading, and almost acceptably recorded, except for a patch in the storm when the cutter understandably wilts before the onslaught of the drums. Similarly, I have not much to say against RB-16105 Symphony no. 7.

In my view both the Sixth and Seventh under Klemperer on Columbia 33CX 1352 and 33CX 1379 respectively are inferior to his great reading of the Third, and for the same reason; too austere an approach and some eccentric *tempi*, notably in the scherzo of the Sixth. Toscanini's *tempi* in the Seventh are a little fast, but within the range of

acceptability. No tricks are played, the phrasing, for once is careful. I have always thought this to be Toscanini's symphony, of all the nine. Unfortunately the recording has a fault different from the usual in this set; instead of being generally coarse, it is fairly brilliant and tolerable, except for long patches of quite horrible distortion.

RB-16106 Symphony no. 8 and Symphony no. 9.

The recording of the Eighth is one of the best in the set, and on a par with that of nos. 1 and 2; the performance of the first movement, apart from the inevitable drive and rather less than usual of the endemic stiffness, is very satisfactory. Just a little humourless, perhaps, as if even here the seriousness of the occasion precluded the least unbending. The *Allegretto scherzando* is a little coarse in sound, very extrovert, no touch of the feathery lightness I associate with the piece, but this criticism is a trifle niggling. The minuet brings back the old troubles, however. Fast, loud, coarse, with a maniacal drive, and a horrid horn in the trio, almost, one might say, blessedly inaudible. Much the same remarks go for the last movement, which is fast, certainly, but good.

The Ninth is astonishingly uneven. I think the performance of the first movement is tremendous. I have heard Toscanini perform this Symphony a number of times with many different orchestras, but never so well as here. I still think it rather fast, though not so fast as I have heard him do it with the Scala Orchestra. At this pace the second subject material in the exposition and still more in the wonderful recapitulation, sounds hurried, and the great effect of wavering between major and minor in the reprise is largely lost. Nevertheless the total effect is tremendous; it may be that this movement needs something, at any rate, of Toscanini's inhuman drive. The great points, the onslaught of the first subject at bar 17, the overwhelming entry of the recapitulation at bar 30, are magnificently taken; I would say, knowing it to be controversial, that this is the only movement in which I feel Toscanini has an overall grip of the design, beyond a bar-to-bar drive and sense of general drama. The coda is different. This is the most impressive performance of bars 510 to the end that I have ever heard; this is the climax of a movement of climaxes. After the great passage in which the second group material drifts blindly back and forwards between major and minor the seal is set, with terrible swiftness and brutal inevitability, on irrevocable disaster. The wind material must be heard to be overwhelmed by the black wall of the strings, out of which, like a tongue of flame, the first subject leaps and destroys; its final notes end the movement. This is how Toscanini plays it, and I bow my head. Criticism would be impertinent.

It is perhaps significant that Klemperer, in an otherwise magnificent reading of this movement, throws away this coda, spoiling the whole effect. I repeat, it is the climax of the movement, the catastrophe of the Greek drama; the whole design depends utterly upon it. The recording of this movement is the best in the set; it is good, by most standards.

The next two movements spoil things. The scherzo is well played and impressive, but recorded at a much lower volume level, and so dimly as to be heard through a mist. But this is not all; throughout the set the drums have been, if anything, too prominent; in this one movement, of them all, they are feeble and distant. An example of the gratuitous ill-luck that dogs the whole set. The slow movement is taken with scant sympathy, and dismissed with an actual *accelerando*, the last chords being punched out as if Toscanini was glad to be rid of it. The finale opens tremendously, with recording equal to that of the first movement, terrific power and drive, accurate, glorious. We await the entry of the bass soloist breathlessly; oh, for Richard Mayr at this point—to be greeted by Poo-Bah, who, in addition to his Gilbert-and-Sullivan voice, starts to sing some other word than "Freunde" and corrects himself half way (how on earth was this passed?). The soloists are all similarly wildly inadequate; the reading is most impressive, recording good, chorus sensational—the best I have heard; but the damage is done; the set is ruined.

To sum up. This is one man's conception of Beethoven, and one with which I personally cannot agree. I feel that a great deal that is wrong with post-war performances

of Beethoven is due in part to Toscanini's example (and in part to the *zeitgeist*); the disastrous set of the quartets recorded by the Hungarian Quartet for Columbia is a case in point. One weeps to think that these quartets, the greatest music in the world, may be experienced by a whole generation in this travesty. This set of the symphonies is better than that, and I have praised where praise is due. But the exclusive pre-occupation with pace and power, the basically operatic approach to this most symphonic music, the more than a touch of megalomania which is present, give us a Beethoven that I cannot recognize. He had his tender side, and a faculty for transfiguring the commonplace; and above all, a great, rough, everyday humour capable of sudden exquisite delicacy. These things are in abeyance here; and they are essential to a complete view of Beethoven. I have indicated in several places in the text where I think these things can be found, and I offer these few more instances of Beethoven seen whole.

Violin Concerto; Kulenkampf, Schmidt-Isserstedt. Telefunken LGX'66017.

Sonata in E flat, *opus* 31, no. 3. Schnabel, Society Vol. VI.

Consecration of the House; Weingartner, LX 811-2.

The wonderful Schnabel performance of this early Sonata appears to me to demonstrate just what I mean in pointing out that unforced power, magical transformation of the commonplace, strength strong enough to be tender, and untrammelled imagination built on sovereign reason and expressed in ordered clarity, that is Beethoven.

P. J. P.

Correspondence

27 Asmuns Hill,
Hampstead Way,
London, N.W.11
3rd September, 1958.

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

WAGNER AND SHAW

SIR,—In her interesting article on Shaw and Wagner, Miss Audrey Williamson did not refer to a suggestive parallel between the account in *The Perfect Wagnerite* of Brünnhilde's punishment and the trial scene of *Saint Joan*. Shaw saw Wotan as the head of a "mighty Church", buttressed by Law to keep "the Plutonic power in check", and his daughter as this Church's "very soul", but "separated from it and working for the destruction of its indispensable ally, the lawgiving State". Not because she is guilty must Wotan punish Brünnhilde, but in order to preserve his "Church's" beneficent power. Similarly the Inquisitor must punish Joan—reluctantly, for the common good; it is indeed just this which gives the scene its breadth and moral grandeur. Shaw's reading of Brünnhilde's punishment seems to underlie the crowning scene of his greatest play.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT L. JACOBS.

BBC Television Centre,
Wood Lane, London, W.12
4th September, 1958.

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

MUSIC ON TELEVISION

SIR,—At a time when many writers on music are still content to ignore music on television almost completely, Hans Keller's attack on culture snobs makes welcome reading. It is a little odd, isn't it, that whereas the big increase in concert audiences during the war was commented on almost *ad nauseam*, the infinitely larger audiences for music now reached *via* television—over five million for opera, about two million for recitals, and between one and two million for symphony

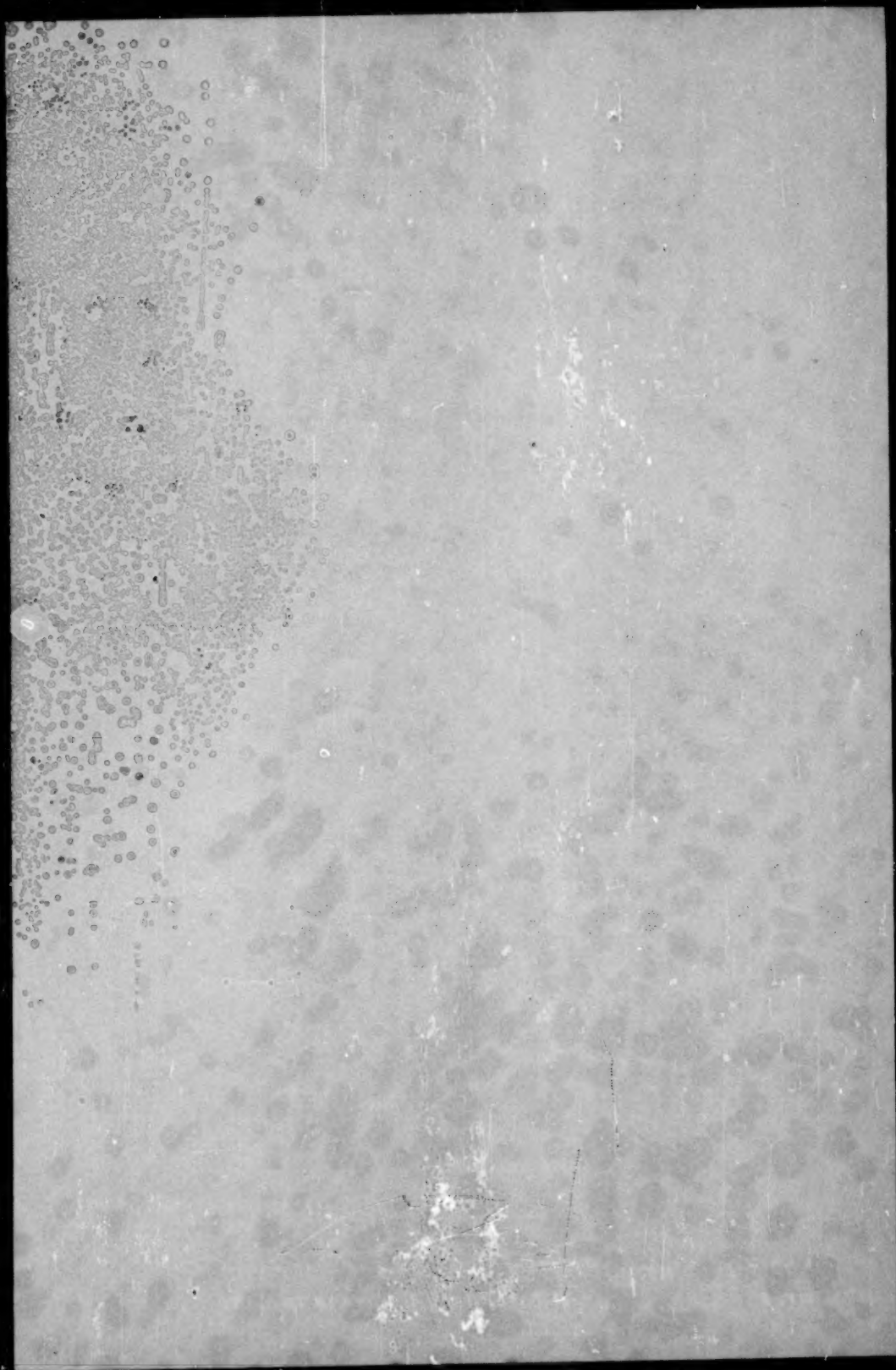
concerts—are often dismissed as of no account? Mr. Keller's musings on one particular recital are interesting, and with several of his comments we agree: it is, of course, true that television can greatly increase the impact of certain aspects of music—you will remember Stravinsky's expressed horror at hearing music without seeing it. But since music is an abstract art, what we look at (unless appropriate visual counterpoints can be found which do not detract from concentration on the all-important music itself) is mostly the makers of the music. Great importance is attached to securing the best possible sound—usually, as Mr. Keller says, in acoustically difficult studios at present—and the idea of a microphone in shot by no means causes the consternation he assumes.

Where, however, I must correct Mr. Keller is in the entire starting point of his article: he refers to the Katchen recital as being "the first experiment of its kind". It does not need his admission that he is "not personally interested in television" to realize that he is painfully unaware of what has been, and is being, done. The BBC Television Service has been broadcasting recitals regularly for at least five years, and irregularly for much longer—from 1946 and even pre-war. Nor have the artists been chosen only for their "star" value: the contributions of musicians like Schwarzkopf, Arrau, Fournier, Bernac, Stern and many others cannot be lightly written off. When it comes to symphony concerts under conductors such as Beecham, Barbirolli, Sargent, Kubelik and others, our records go back for well over six years. If Mr. Keller thinks that a "single extended work" is something new, again he is very wide of the mark. The Paganini-Brahms itself had been played fifteen months earlier by Geza Anda, and other trifles we have had also include the Brahms E minor cello Sonata, Beethoven op. 110 and *Appassionata*, "Pictures from an Exhibition", *Carnaval* and lots more. In the week in which I write this, we have six music programmes, including a recital by William Primrose, a repeat of Strauss' *Salome* and a relay of Arrau in a Mozart concerto from the Edinburgh Festival. Perhaps bringing out these facts will encourage Mr. Keller and your readers generally to watch more of our programmes. The more comment musically intelligent people make to the BBC, and the more they make their wishes felt, the more chance there is of being able to provide programmes for them.

Yours faithfully,

LIONEL SALTER.

Head of Music Productions, Television.



TOSCANINI

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